

THE MIRROR OF TASTE,

AND

DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER V.

Conclusion of the Greek Drama.

MENANDER.

MENANDER, as has been said in the last chapter, once more rescued the stage of Greece from barbarism. In the death of Aristophanes was involved the death of “the middle comedy,” which rapidly declined in the hands of his insufficient successors. The poets and wits that came after him, wanted either the talents, the malignity, or the courage to follow his example, to imitate him in his daring personalities, or to adopt his merciless satirical style. They followed his steps, only in his feeble, pitiful paths, and contented themselves with writing contemptible buffoon caricature parodies of the writings of the greatest men. The new comedy never could have raised its head, had the middle comedy continued to be supported by a succession of such wits as Aristophanes, with new supplies of envenomed personal satire. Fortunately, however, the stage was pretty well cleared of that pernicious kind of writing when Menander, the amiable and the refined, came forth and claimed the bay.

This celebrated writer, who justly obtained the appellation of “prince of the new comedy,” was a native of Athens,

and was born three hundred and forty-five years before the birth of Christ. He was educated under the illustrious Theophrastus, from whom he learned philosophy and composition. While a brilliant genius directed him to comic poetry, his natural delicacy, his refined taste, his moral rectitude, and true philosophy controlled his fancy, imparted to his comedies a charm unknown before, and obtained for them the suffrage of the most enlightened, witty, and judicious men of his age, though for the same reason they were, as Hamlet says, caviere to the multitude, and never did please the corrupted and malicious multitude of Athens. With a wit as brilliant and acute as that of Aristophanes, and perhaps as capable of vicious coarseness and ribaldry, he kept it in correction, and scorned to disgrace his compositions with illiberal personal aspersions, or indecent, obscene, or satirical reflections; but endeavoured to make his comedies pictures of real life, replete with refined useful instruction, and sagacious observation, conveyed through the medium of natural elegant dialogue. His writings, though they did not draw the regards of the million with such irresistible and congenial attraction as those of Aristophanes, had the power in some measure to rescue comedy from the unbridled licentiousness and profligacy which, for fifty years before, had rendered it a public nuisance. The multitude, however, he could not, during his lifetime reclaim; for a miserable contemporary of his, named Philemon, a coarse writer of broad farce, who afterwards died of a fit of laughter at seeing a jackass eat figs, continued by intrigues and his natural influence with the mob, to carry away some prizes from him; though he was so mean and contemptible a poet that his very name would have been forgotten, and long since sunk in eternal oblivion, if it had not been buoyed up by the simple fact of his entering the lists against Menander.

The honours which his corrupted countrymen denied him were conferred upon Menander by strangers; for we are informed by Pliny that the king of Egypt, and the king of Macedon, as a proof of their respect, and admiration of his

rare qualities, sent ambassadors to invite him to their courts; and, not contented with that compliment, sent fleets to convey him: such was the fame accompanied with which his unexampled endowments, spread his name over the remotest nations of the east. Whether it was from local attachment to his native land, or from sound philosophical wisdom and disregard of such temptations, he declined those honours, cannot now be known, though the fact is beyond doubt that he never would leave Attica. It is, however, an honourable testimony of the perfect indifference with which he bore the stupid and unjust preference given by the Athenians to his contemptible rival. It was said that he drowned himself in consequence of Philemon's victory: but this report has never been credited, being at variance with all the accounts given by the best authorities, who, on the contrary, relate that so far from being affected at the success of the other, the only notice he ever took of it was, once to ask the victor, “Philemon! do you not blush to wear that laurel?”

Of the incomparable merit of this great man, the principal evidence now existing is the unanimous praise of some of the greatest men of antiquity, since of one hundred and eight comedies which he wrote, nothing but a few fragments remain in their original state. How much the world ought to deplore the loss of those valuable compositions may be collected from the admiration in which they were held by the Romans, who, as we are assured by the ancients, maintained that their favourite TERENCE was very much inferior to Menander. Terence borrowed six or at least four of his plays from this admirable Greek poet, and those though now considered excellent are allowed by his countrymen to have lost much of the spirit of the great originals.

It cannot be doubted that he possessed to an astonishing fulness the talent so little known in the ancient world, and which has exalted our Shakspeare in lofty preeminence above the rest of mankind, of portraying nature in every condition of human life. We have heard of, and frequently read many terse and witty compliments to the genius of Shakspeare, on

account of his intimacy with nature; but we know of none superior to that paid to Menander by the great Byzantine grammarian Aristophanes, who, on reading his comedies exclaimed in an ecstasy, “O MENANDER! O NATURE! WHICH OF YOU HAVE COPIED THE WORKS OF THE OTHER?” Ovid held him in no less admiration; and Plutarch has been lavish in his praise: the old rhetoricians recommend his works as the true and perfect patterns of every thing beautiful and graceful in public speaking. Quintilian advises an orator to seek in Menander for copiousness of invention, for elegance of expression, and all that universal genius which is able to accommodate itself to persons, things, and affections: but that which appears to us more decisive than any other eulogy bestowed upon him, is the opinion of Cæsar, who, praising his favourite Terence, calls him a half-Menander, thereby leaving upon record his testimony that Menander had twice the merit of the greatest comic poet of Rome.

Such was the poet from whom the mob of Athens snatched the laurel to bestow it upon a mean and execrable scribbler, and to one hundred of whose comedies the prize was denied, while only eight of them were rewarded with it.

From the death of Menander which happened in his fifty-second year, not a dramatic poet arose, nor a circumstance occurred relating to the art in Greece, worthy of commemoration: here, therefore, history drops the dramatic poetry of that country, till in a future page the merits of the ancient and modern drama come to be viewed in comparison with each other, and proceeds to commemorate some of the Grecian actors.

“Poetry,” says a celebrated French writer, “has almost always been prior to every other kind of learning, which is undoubtedly owing to its being the produce of sentiment and fancy, two faculties of the mind always employed before reason. Sensible minds are led by a kind of instinct to sing their pleasures, their happiness, the gods whom they adore, the heroes they admire, and the events they wish to have engraven on their memories; accordingly poetry has been

cultivated in all savage nations. The warmth of the passions has been of great use in promoting this delightful art." It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Athenians, who, to use the words of the same writer, possessed a lively imagination, great fertility of genius, a rich harmonious language, and eminent abilities excited by the most ardent emulation, should be extravagantly fond of poetry, and no less partial to those who displayed a vigorous spirit of emulation in that art, and an ambition to excel in any of the employments that served to illustrate or give it effect. For these reasons they systematically honoured not only dramatic poets but actors.

How much the important concerns of mankind are swayed and pre-influenced by manners and habits is strongly illustrated in the discrepancy which maintained between the taste, the amusements, and opinions of the lively Athenians, and those of the austere and exact people of Sparta, though they were in fact one people. In their amusements, and partly in their taste for literature, they differed essentially. The Athenians loved poetry and music; while the Spartans, whose schemes were founded on utility alone, rather rejected them as superfluous. Poets and musicians, however, who confined themselves to sober and simple subjects, and to grave and dignified expression, were not without admirers and supporters in the latter: and when the Spartans destroyed and sacked the city of Thebes, they spared the house that had been inhabited by PINDAR, in respect to that great poet's memory. TERPANDER too, a lyric poet and musician is related by Ælian to have appeased a tumult at Sparta by the sweetness of his notes and the fire of his poetry. They would not, however, endure either poetry or music which did not breathe exalted sentiment, and produce a beneficial impression on the mind.

On the subject of dramatic poetry and its adjuncts, theatres and actors, the Spartans differed as essentially from the Athenians, as the puritans, methodists, quakers, and rigid presbyterians differ from the amateurs of the present day. During a reign of thirty-six years, AGESILAUS who held the

drama in contempt, discouraged and kept the actors in depression. This extreme austerity prevailed through all ranks of the rigid Lacedemonian people, who indeed carried it to a length equally absurd and cruel; for they punished with great severity a famous poet and musician, for adding three strings to the harp; grounding their sentence upon a principle universally assented to among them, that the softness of musical sounds produced effeminacy among the people. Of the truth of their proposition in the abstract, there can be little doubt; it is in the rigid application and extreme extension of it the fault lies. Music has certainly a powerful influence on the passions, and produces happy effects upon the human heart and mind when cultivated moderately: but when it becomes the general prevailing passion of a nation, or, as it were, gets dominion over them, it unquestionably produces not effeminacy merely, but a hateful depravity of manners. Whether the unexampled depravation of the modern Italians has been caused by their passionate devotion to music, or their passionate devotion to music by their monstrous depravity shall not be discussed in this place. But the closeness of the connexion between the two things, no matter which may be the cause or which the effect, will serve as an illustration of the subject.

It is related that once, when Callipedes a celebrated tragedian, offered his homage to Agesilaus, and for some time received no notice in return, he said to the king, "Do you not know me, sir?" To which the king replied, "You are Callipedes, the actor," and turned from him with contempt. This harshness and severity extended even to the slaves of the Spartans, some of whom, being taken prisoners of war by the Thebans, and ordered to sing the odes of *Terpander* for their captors, peremptorily refused to comply, because it was forbidden them by their old masters.

In all Greece, however, Sparta stands a solitary instance of this austerity; for the drama, poetry, and music were enthusiastically cultivated in Athens, and even in every country into which the Grecians penetrated. Players became in

many instances the confidential friends, counsellors, and ministers of kings themselves; and Alexander the Great sent Thessalus, an actor, as an ambassador to Pexodorus, the Persian governor of Caria, to forbid a marriage intended by the governor between his daughter and Aridæus, an illegitimate son of the late king Philip. The proofs which that mighty conqueror has left on record of his partiality to celebrated professors of the histrionic art, are no less extraordinary than numerous, and in some instances, do no great credit to his judgment. Every general in his camp had along with him his poets, musicians, and declaimers. One time Alexander's favourite, Hephestion, accommodated his musician named Evius, with the quarters which belonged of right to EUMENES, the most worthy and renowned of all the Grecian generals. Eumenes boldly remonstrated, and told Alexander that he plainly saw the best way to acquire promotion in his army would be to throw away arms, and learn to play upon the flute or turn actor.

At a contest of skill between Thessalus, Alexander's favourite actor, and another of the name of Athenodorus, the king, though in his heart deeply interested for the success of Thessalus, would not say a word in his favour, lest it should bias the judges, who actually proclaimed Athenodorus victor: the hero then exclaimed that the judges deserved commendation for what they had done, but that he would have given half his kingdom rather than see Thessalus overcome. This was certainly a striking instance of magnanimity. How unprejudiced and generous that great man's mind was may be collected from a subsequent act of his in a case that concerned that very Athenodorus. That performer being heavily fined by the Athenians for not appearing on the stage at the feast of Bacchus implored Alexander to intercede for him; the just and munificent monarch, however, refused to write in his favour, but, in order to relieve the man, paid the fine for him.

In Greece, declamation was regarded as the principal step to honour and advancement in public life. The greatest

men practised it, and as they held action to be the criterion of oratory, made the best actors their models; nor was this a groundless opinion adopted by a few or superficial men; for Demosthenes having remarked with some asperity that the worst orators were heard in the rostrum in preference to him, the celebrated actor SATYRUS, in order to show him how much grace, dignity, and action add to the celebrity of a public man, repeated to him several passages from Sophocles and Euripides, which so delighted and astonished Demosthenes that he always afterwards formed his elocution and action on the models of the most celebrated actors.

Having brought the history of the stage to the end of the Greek theatre, this chapter cannot be better concluded than with an extract from an admirable work lately published on the subject in England, to which this history is indebted for some of its materials.

“ It remains now only to say, that from the parodies of the ancient writers, begun by Aristophanes, and awkwardly imitated by his cotemporaries and successors, sprung mimes, farces, and the grossest buffoonery; and though the Grecian theatre still kept up an appearance of greatness, and there was often some brilliancy beamed across the heterogeneous mass which obscured truth and nature, to which the people were no longer sensible; yet the grandeur and magnificence of public exhibitions decreased; till, at length the fate of the stage too truly foretold the fate of the empire. So certain it is that where the arts are redundant they introduce luxury, and sap the foundation of a state.”

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR those readers who love biography, the editors of *The Mirror* have selected one of the most interesting memoirs to be found in the rich treasury of British literature. As a simple, yet animated picture of natural genius, forcing its way through the impediments which waylay early poverty, and breaking forth like the sun in meridian splendor after a morning of tempest, clouds, and darkness, it will be a fit companion for that of Hodgkinson. As a piece of composition, it is perhaps the very finest specimen to be found in any language of the unaffected, unadorned modest style that becomes a biographer, and particularly a writer of his own life.

This memoir first appeared prefixed to that author's translation of Juvenal.

**LIFE OF WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE BAEVIAD
AND MAEVIAD, AND TRANSLATOR OF JUVENAL.**

I AM about to enter on a very uninteresting subject; but all my friends tell me that it is necessary to account for the long delay of the following work; and I can only do it by advertizing to the circumstances of my life. Will this be accepted as an apology?

I know but little of my family, and that little is not very precise. My great-grandfather (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halsworthy, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking, and do not know.

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life; spent them too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton, loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.

My grandfather was on ill terms with him: I believe not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much I know; but I am inclined to think that his

undutiful conduct occasioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in some measure the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was soon reclaimed from this situation by my grand-father, and left his school, a second time, to wander in some vagabond society.* He was now probably given up, for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother,† the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton, and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself; which he did with some credit, at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there, I never inquired; but I learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years he was again thoughtless enough to engage in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea. This was an attempt to excite a riot in a methodist chapel; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled, as I have mentioned.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the Lyon, a large armed transport in the service of government: while my mother (then with child of me) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1757.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unsold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted

* He had gone with Bamfylde Moore Carew, then an old man.

† Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's christian name was Edward.

out of her sight, sent me to a school-mistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted merely of the contents of the "Child's Spelling Book:" but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catskin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havanna; and though he received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were considerable; yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money; a trifle more was got by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness;* and with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house-painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the free-school, kept by Hugh Smerdon, to learn to read and write, and cypher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this love he fell a martyr; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me, I never greatly loved him; I had not grown up with him; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness, or anger. He had

* This was a lot of small houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered unless by an expensive litigation.

certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, though he would now and then attempt to give me some insight into the business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left; most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child, about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelvemonth, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last, exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than on her own.

I was not quite thirteen when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left was seized by a person of the name of C—, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town, which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects, induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of

arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me: but these golden days were over in less than three months. C— sickened at the expense; and, as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me: its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cypher, as the phrase is, C— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a store-house. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdsworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdsworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not, however, choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totness, whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by a miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill natured man ; at least not to me : and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness ; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return, I did what I could to requite her, and my good will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips, to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself : when we had to go further, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel, the Two Brothers, I continued nearly a twelvemonth ; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will easily be conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a “ ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,” but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot : yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading ; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description except the Coasting Pilot.

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful ; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship’s side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface, till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remember-

ing nothing but the horror I felt when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas day, 1770, I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton; and desiring me to set out without delay. My master as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holydays there; and he, therefore, made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connexion with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence: and the conduct of my godfather towards me did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived, therefore, in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret, of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in ragged jacket and trowsers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large

* Of my brother here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally

The child of misery baptized in tears;

and the short passages of his life did not belie the melancholy presage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to

town, this would have little effect, but a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to withstand: he therefore determined, as I have just observed, to recall me; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and consequently was not yet bound.

All this I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

After the holydays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic: my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows, my ideas of support at this time, were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, my first master, was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles: a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to C——, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had

teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea; he did so, and was taken on board the Egmont, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune: he fell sick, and died at Cork.

learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so indeed he had); he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability; who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate; but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound* till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature! he was a presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym, or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book: this he constantly substituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and indeed nothing could well be smaller. At this period I had read nothing but a black letter romance called Parismus and Parismenus, and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted with; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and

* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated the first of January, 1772.

reading it frequently with her, had impressed it strongly on my mind; these then, with the *Imitation of Thomas à Kempis*, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up: for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's *Introduction*: this was precisely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore, in despite of the flippant remark of lord Orford, were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as

possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamt of poetry: indeed I scarce knew it by name; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never “lisp'd in numbers.” I recollect the occasion of my first attempt: it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an alehouse: it was to be a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse; I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I tried, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject; and so I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable: such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reasons; first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going further; but in truth I was afraid, for my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE MIRROR.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MR. HODGKINSON.

(Continued from page 297.)

THE regulations of society, and the accidents of life too often thwart the intentions of nature. Multitudes of human beings are in every age poured forth from her inexhaustible stores, with inherent powers to rise to distinction in the highest provinces of art and science, who yet are condemned by the obstructions which worldly circumstance throws in their way, to languish in obscurity—to live dejected and to die unknown. Some whose natural endowments would, under less unpropitious circumstances, qualify them to reach the summit of fame, are fettered by want of patronage and pecuniary distress, while others are cramped in their efforts by a complexional sensibility which they cannot overcome, and checked in enterprise by diffidence and timidity, the natural offspring of a refined and delicate structure.

If genius were always associated with physical force and constitutional vigour, we should have had the dignities of the world more appropriately filled than they are, and many who lord it would be found with their necks bent in humiliation.

How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!

Where mental and constitutional force are combined, and extraordinary talents are sustained by resolution, confidence, vigorous animal spirits, and the perseverance and indefatigable industry, supplied by corporal strength, the obstructions must be numerous and great that can prevent the possessor from rising. In Hodgkinson those requisites were united in an eminent degree. No adversity could crush his energies, no prosperity impair his industry. It was but a few months before

his death that old Mr. Whitlock under whose management Hodgkinson had early in life played in the north of England, said to this writer, "John had as much work in him as any two players I ever knew—he's the same in that respect now, and will be the same to the end of the chapter."

Something of this the reader may have already perceived in the specimens afforded by H's boyish adventures. His forcing his way to the notice of one of the most respectable managers in England, and obtaining a footing upon the stage, when not fifteen years of age, would appear incredible if it were not so much a matter of notoriety as to be subject to demonstrative proof. Intimately as the writer thought himself acquainted with the minutest circumstances of H's first adventures at Bristol, he finds that there was one which either he had forgotten, or H. had neglected to mention to him. Though it be of no very great moment, yet as it serves to thicken the circumstances which elucidate the boy's character, it is introduced in this place. Since the publication of the last number of *The Mirror*, the editor received the following letter directed to "the biographer of Mr. Hodgkinson."

"Sir,

"Considering the circumstantial minuteness with which you have related the youthful adventures of Mr. H. I am surprised at your not mentioning one which I know to be a fact. On the first night's performance of the company after his arrival at Bristol, his passionate love of the stage made him imprudent enough to throw away two shillings for a seat in the gallery, which left him with only ninepence in his pocket. Wishing your work success,

"I am yours obediently,

"*An old friend of John Hodgkinson.*"

Upon mentioning this to another most intimate friend of the deceased in this city, he said that he was sure the fact was so, as H. had more than once mentioned it to him in the chitchat of their convivial hours.

Of his theatrical employment while a boy at Bristol, he was not in the habit of mentioning particulars. Either there was nothing interesting in it as a story, or it was so low that he felt no pleasure in dwelling upon it. He helped to make up the crowd in a spectacle and occasionally delivered letters and short messages on the stage : but his most important and useful occupation was singing in choruses. In the dirge in Romeo and Juliet he had a part allotted him, and never could forget the mortification he felt when a person of consequence inquired of the manager which of the *ladies* it was that so far exceeded all the rest in the power and sweetness of her voice. The praises bestowed on his voice were poison to his ambitious young heart, when coupled with an impeachment of his manhood.

There is one anecdote, however, of which though this writer has but an obscure recollection, he thinks worth mentioning, as it serves to throw a small ray of light upon one of H's characteristic foibles. One evening, being in full glee, and talking of his early life to this writer and three or four more of his acquaintances, he said that the first time he ever received, specifically on his own account, the slightest mark of applause was on this occasion. He had a letter to deliver in a certain play or farce of the name of which the writer has not at this moment the slightest recollection. The person to whom he was to give the letter was, according to the plan of the piece, in very ridiculous circumstances, scuffling with his wife, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal. After handing him the letter it was H's business to retire ; but the comedian acted his part so naturally and looked so ridiculously rueful, that it completely discomposed the boy's nerves, so that just as he got to the side wing, and was about to disappear, he could not help turning about and looking back at the man, and in spite of him burst into a fit of laughter, which he endeavoured to suppress by putting his hand to his mouth. The audience thinking it was purposely done in character, were astonished at the natural way in which the boy acted it, and gave him loud marks of appro-

bation—"I dare say," continued H. "I looked devilish odd at the time, for the house laughed incontinently." "Ay, ay," gravely replied a young Irishman who was present, "I dare say it was your *game eye* they laughed at." Down fell the muscles of poor H's face—he changed colour, and was for sometime before he could rally his spirit or recover his pleasantry.*

His time, however, was not lost or misapplied. He had an inexhaustible thirst for knowledge, and therefore read, with ardour and industry, every book he could lay his hands upon; and he has told this writer, that if reading had been painful to him, his ambition was so ascendant, and his determination to rise in the world so unalterable, that he would not have read less. Strong indeed must have been the internal impulse which made a boy of his age and spirits, his own voluntary task-master, which induced him to lay the pleasures natural to his age at the feet of a laudable purpose, and to devote to useful labour a portion of his time, greater than the most diligent college book-worms devote to their studies. He has declared to this writer that in summer time he rarely gave more than five hours out of the four and twenty to sleep. The rest was devoted to reading, refreshment by food, attendance on the stage, and the practice of music. These constituted the whole of his amusements; except that, when at Bath, he went out sporting—not to shoot, but to see others shooting. One of the players who was a sportsman, was a favourite of some of the *great* men in the neighbourhood, and often went out shooting with them. On these occasions H. accompanied him, carried his hawking-bag, powder magazine, shot, &c. and helped to mark the birds when they sprung. Thus was generated the passion for dogs and

* Handsome as H. was, he had a strange defect in his eyes: one of them was smaller than the other, and in his efforts to reduce them to an equality, he sometimes produced a whimsical archness of physiognomy. He did not relish its being noticed, however, and thought the young Irishman very rude.

shooting to which he was afterwards so warmly addicted, and which indeed was, in the end, the cause of his death.

The worthy prompter supplied him with books, a benefit he derived from the following circumstance. In Bristol there is a lane or street occupied by venders of second-hand articles of various kinds. Thither he one day repaired to buy, if possible, a pair of cheap silk stockings :—poor John, like many others in the world, was most vain of that part of him which was least handsome. As he sauntered along inspecting the goods that lay exposed to view, he saw a book-stand, at which he stopped, and with greedy eye devoured each title-page. An odd volume of Harris's *Hermes* caught his fancy, and after having pondered for some time on the alternative, whether he should postpone legs in favour of head, or *vice versa*, he concluded on the former, saying to himself that *Hermes* would be snatched up by the first person who saw it; but that the second hand silk stockings could be got at any time. The volume was eighteen pence; yet so restricted was our hero's finances, that this little sum deranged his stocking plan for a week.

His friend the prompter, seeing the book with him, took it out of his hand, and looking at it, told him he had thrown away his money in buying such stuff, and exhorted him not to waste his time in reading it. On coming to an explanation with him, the good man finding the boy intent upon improvement, benevolently told him that he should neither want proper books, nor instructions how to make use of them. He then lent him Lowth's grammar, and pointed out the most useful places. H. read it diligently, and though he seldom forgot any thing he once read, he perused Lowth three or four times over. The literary knowledge of H. was one of the most astonishing circumstances about him. It is doubtful whether on the day he died, he left a more perfect orthoepist living behind him. Indeed his attainments, particularly in poetry and critical science were so great, considering his early privation of means, that with all the aid derived from

his frequent and free communications, the writer of this has often found it difficult to account for them satisfactorily.

From this period of H's life all is an hiatus till his connexion with the celebrated James Whiteley, manager of the most extensive midland circuit ever known in England; viz. Worcester, Wolverhampton, Derby, Nottingham, Retford and Stamford theatres. Why, how, or when he left Bath and Bristol—or whether he was intermediately employed at any other theatre, the writer is not in possession of a single fact to enable him to determine. Of one Miller, a manager, he has heard H. speak, but not with any interest. James Whiteley was the theme on which he most liked to dwell. Whiteley was perhaps the greatest oddity on the face of the earth; but of a heart sound, and benevolent beyond the generality of mankind. Violently passionate, and in his passions vulgar, rude, boisterous, and so abhorrent of hypocrisy, that he laboured to make himself appear as bad as possible. He was a native of Ireland; and it has often been said of him that in eccentricity and benevolence he was a full match for any man of that country. He would ridicule and abuse his actors in a style of whimsical foulmouthedness peculiar to himself—but he would allow no other man living to do it—and while conferring substantial benefits upon them, would blackguard them like a Billingsgate fishwoman. So essentially did he differ from most other managers, that instead of wronging or pinching them, instead of intriguing against them, to run them down with the public, in order to enhance his own consequence, he was their champion, their sincere friend, and the strenuous supporter of their character and of the dignity of his company. If they fell into misfortune they found in him a father—and, dying rich, he bequeathed to his veteran performers who survived him, a weekly salary for life, which those who survive still enjoy. Whoever has read or heard of the character of doctor Moncey, may form some idea of the oddity of James Whiteley. Whiteley went much further than Moncey—for the effusions of his spleen or

his humour were sometimes too coarse and indelicate to bear public repetition, though they still remain the topic of conversation with all who knew him, and supply an inexhaustible fund of mirth to all who remember him.

In this extraordinary personage Hodgkinson found the warmest, most benevolent friend; and, what may appear strange, a most valuable instructor. Himself always appearing wrong, and speaking like one cracked, he never failed to set right all those who were guided by his advice; and, while his tongue ran riot as if he were drunk or mad, his conduct was governed by sound sense and prudence. If ever any thing hobby-horsical or pedantic crept into the conversation of Hodgkinson, it was his fondness for describing this worthy oddity.

He had heard Whiteley's character described in a variety of quarters, and went to him expecting to be ridiculed, blackguarded, and patronised. Nor was he disappointed. Under his auspices, H. grew up, acquired professional knowledge, and, considering his age, much fame. A whole number of this work would not contain the anecdotes which, in his cheerful moments, Hodgkinson has related to this writer, of Whiteley's worth and eccentricities; but the humour and oddity of them were of a kind not only too coarse for general perusal, but so dependant for effect upon the manner of telling them, that it would be idle to relate them here. Their first meeting, however, and the conversation on that occasion may be hazarded. A gentleman of the name of Mills, an old friend of W's and much in his good graces, introduced our youth to him, having previously obtained his consent to see the lad, and consider what line of business he was fit for. "You must not," said this mutual friend, "take ill any thing that Whiteley says to you. He is a kind of privileged person—*says* what he pleases to every one, and *does* all the good he can. But this I can tell you, that if he treats you ceremoniously (for no man can be more perfectly the gentleman when he pleases) you have no chance with him."

" My name being announced," said H. relating to this writer his first interview, " Jemmy Whiteley surveyed me from head to foot with a grinning drollery, that no words can describe; he spat out, according to custom, about a score of times, and after a tittering laugh was proceeding to speak, when he was suddenly called off." " Stay here," said he, " I'll be back in a minute or two." As he was leaving the room he stopped at the door—looked back at me again—pulled up his small clothes, and jeeringly tittered at me in a manner that was enough to provoke a saint, if it were not for the man's well known character. " It will do I see," said my friend, " depend upon it, it will do—dont mind his sayings; but when you come to business, be plain, downright and firm, and you'll have his heart." When W. returned, he again surveyed me from head to foot, and again grinned and tittered. I was almost as tall as I am now, and as thin perhaps as you ever saw any one of the same height. My face too was pale from recent indisposition, and I had no appearance of beard. " So," said he, addressing Mills, " this is the chap about whom you gave me such a platter of stirabout with Ballyhack butter* in it yesterday." So far from being vexed or daunted by this first address, the like of which I had never heard before, nor could well understand, the playful, good-natured drollery in his face, and the singularity of his deportment tickled me so, that I could not, if it were to save my life, suppress a smile of merriment, upon which after scrutinizing my face with the eye of a master of his business, he turned to the other and said, " the blackguard has some fun in him I see, though he looks as if a dinner would not come amiss to him—for he's as slim as a starved greyhound;" then casting a comical glance at my clothes which were neat, good, and new—he said, " Why boy, your belly ought to swear its life against your back, for you are killing the one to cover the other." I blushed, but

* In the low cant of the Irish, gross adulation is called *the dirty butter of Ballyhack*.

still could not help laughing. " You are mistaken Whiteley," said the other, " there is not a man in your company eats better than John." " Where does he get it?" said W. " he cant have above half a guinea a week for his salary, and the clothes now on his back must cost at least twenty half guineas, or perhaps half a year's pay." " Go on Whiteley," said the other, " discharge all your Irish nonsense upon his head, he has temper to bear it all ; in the meantime I'll take a walk, and come back again : but let me know what time you intend to be done, that I may be ready to a minute ; for in matters of business Whiteley, you know I like to be punctual." W. understood this sarcasm, and turning to Mills, poured forth such a volley of whim and oddity as I think never fell from the lips of any other man in this world. When he was in this vein of humour, he had, in addition to the comic cast of his countenance, a lisp and a brogue which enhanced his drollery, and at every pause he drew in his breath as if he were sipping out of a teaspoon. He began, " Now you think yourself a very clever fellow after that oration, dont you ! you feel aisly I hope Mr. Mills, after throwing that wisp of bullrushes off your stomach ! have you made your speech, honey ?" Mills laughed and bowed submission. " Pull down your cap then, my dear, and be hanged." Then turning to me, " Take care of yourself, boy, for if you mind what this man says to you, you'll come to the gallows : you stand a chance of that as it is, or I am very much out in my reckoning ; but if you follow his advice, you will be hanged as dead as Jack the painter, or my name's not Jemmy Whiteley." " Never in my life before or since," continued H. " was I so astonished, or so diverted. In the midst of all the ribaldry of his mouth and the farce of his countenance, the benevolence of his heart glistened in his eyes ;—my nerves were convulsed with a twofold sensation, and actually so enfeebled that, bursting into a fit of laughter I, unbidden, sat down in a large arm chair that stood behind me." " What's this his name is," said he to Mills : " Hodgkinson," replied the other. " I thought that there must be an

O or a MAC to his name by the *aisy affability* with which he helped himself to the great chair. Old Maclaughlin, that blackguard Jew that calls himself Macklin, could not surpass it for *modesty*." I rose. "Och, to the d—l with your manners honey," said he, clapping his two hands on my shoulders and pressing me down into the chair, "stay there since you're in it, and be d——d to you."

"Well, Whiteley," said my friend, "as you think my advice might be fatal to the young man, give him some advice yourself. What do you think he had best do? what do you think fittest for him?" "Any fool can tell him that," returned Whiteley: "the best and the first thing I advise him to do, is to eat a hearty meal, and as I dare say he has not a jingle* in his pocket, I advise him to stay here and dine; and you may stay along with him, if you please." "I cant—I'm engaged," said the other." "Then if *you* dont, the d—l a crust shall *he* crack here." Upon which, turning to me, he said, "see what you can do with him, boy—if you cant keep him along with you, you dont get a toothful in this house." I looked foolishly at my friend, who said, "Well, if that be the case, I must stay;" upon which W. making me a very low formal bow, gravely said, "I thank you, sir, for the great honour this gentleman does me, in condescending to eat a piece of the best leg of mutton in the north of England."

"W. then sat down, but he overflowed so with oddity, that business was out of the question. Every three minutes produced an explosion of the most extravagant kind—often full of humour, sometimes witty, always coarse. It was in vain that my friend now urged, and now insinuated the subject of the stage; Whiteley baffled him with a joke or a jeer, or a story—and sometimes with a transition so extreme, rapid, and unconnected, that it was impossible to do any thing

* A JINGLE—means a very small piece of coin in the slang of the low Irish.

with him. My singing was adverted to. "Ay," said Whiteley, "I suspected he was one of your squallers; I thought from his chalky face and lank carcase that he was of the Italian breed, and that his story would end in a song. Did you ever see Signor *Tenducci*, boy?" "No sir." "No matter, you are not the worse for that; but I have nothing to do with *Italianos*. I have none but men and women in my company." I then ventured to advert to the English opera and hinted at my old favourite *The Padlock*. "Why if I were disposed to try you, there is nothing in the *Padlock* that you could play and I could give you. The part of Ursula is filled by the same old lady who has played it for years in my theatres." The torrent could not be resisted, so we swam along with it, and laughed heartily. "You are too bad Jemmy Whiteley," said Mr. Mills, "by my soul, you're too bad." "Oh I am a very bad fellow to be sure; you'll talk on the other side of your cheek by and by, when you are swallowing my old ale and red port at three and six pence a bottle."

"At length dinner was announced, and to tell you the truth, I had much rather have gone without any than sat down to dine. I was at the best very bashful, and Whiteley's coarse insinuation that I wanted a dinner, though jocularly spoken, stuck in my throat, and made me blush heartily when he helped me. But now his manner was changed, and he displayed such unfeigned hospitality, and such an earnest desire that we should enjoy ourselves, showing us himself the example, that before dinner was half over, I was perfectly comfortable. He pressed me to drink, but was greatly pleased at my refusing to comply. In a word, no two men were ever more different than Jemmy Whiteley in the rhodomontade of the morning and Mr. James Whiteley at his own hospitable, respectable board. He and my friend chatted and drank cheerfully. I looked on, listened, and sung two or three songs for them at Mr. W's request. When my friend made a motion to go, the good manager thus addressed me: "look you my good lad, when the waiter of a tavern or the

potboy of a porter-house presents me a pot of beer or ale, I always blow off the froth from the top or wait till it subsides, and then bring it to the light and look down carefully through it, lest it should be muddy or foul, or have some dirt such as a candle-snuff, a mouse, a toad, or some trifle of that kind floating in it: in a word, to know what I am about to swallow. Just so I deal with men, when they approach me in a way that seeks connexion: for I dont like changing, and I greatly detest the fallings out and fallings in again which seem to make up the business and pleasure of so many in this life. While I was blackguarding you and you staring and laughing at me, I was looking down through your contents from your frothy powdered head down to the very bottom; and so, if your friend and you will call here tomorrow morning, I will try to bring my tongue down to some serious conversation with you."

In a word, our youth next day found himself placed with a man of justice, honour, and generosity, with whom he remained till the grave terminated the contract. Whiteley's passions were so lively, and bad habit had so devested him of all control over his tongue that he would d—n and curse his actors, and call them foul names, even during the performance of the stage, and that too so loud that the audience would frequently hear him. Yet he was in substantial concerns a truly excellent man.

The next place in which Hodgkinson can be distinctly traced is the northern line of theatres, then under the management of Whitlock and Munden, viz. Newcastle, Sheffield, Lancaster, Preston, Warrington, and Chester. In the course of his business in this circuit, the extension of his fame more than kept pace with his years, and he was soon looked upon as the most promising actor of his age. At first he was valued chiefly for his musical talents. A gentleman now residing in Philadelphia was present at his first appearance in that circuit at Preston in Lancashire. A valuable actor and singer was put out of the character of Lubin in the Quaker, to make way for H's debut in that character, in

which he was not so warmly received as the managers expected, being *encored* in only one of the songs. His matchless industry, however, grafted on his great talents, soon produced a rich harvest of the most excellent fruits. He became a very useful general actor, played any thing and every thing the managers thought it their interest to appoint him to, whether tragedy, comedy, opera, or farce ; and too confident in his own powers to be captious or fastidious, he never reneged an inferior part, when it was the managers' interest he should play it, even when, by the laws of the theatre, he was entitled to the first. Mr. Whitlock told this writer that H. did *with good will* more work than any two performers they had. "I have known him," said the old gentleman, "after performing in both play and after-piece at Newcastle in Northumberland, set off without taking a moment's rest in a post-chaise, travel all night, and rehearse the next day and perform the next night in play and farce at Preston in Lancashire."

Powerful as were his talents, he would not, in all probability, have risen to acknowledged eminence in his profession for many years, if he had not fallen under the observation of Mrs. Siddons. That extraordinary actress, little less illustrious for private virtues than splendid talents, being engaged one summer in the northern theatres, observed with pleasure and astonishment, a young man of abilities far above the crowd that played with him. To adopt her own words, she at the first glance discerned a rough, uncleansed diamond sparkling in a heap of rubbish that surrounded it, and through the soil with which it still was encrusted emitting brilliant rays of light. It was her delight to stretch forth her mighty hand to raise genius from depression, and resolving to raise Hodgkinson she took the most decisive means to do so. She appointed him to perform the principal characters to her in every play in which she acted and brought him for the purpose along with her to all the provincial theatres in which she was engaged.

(*To be continued.*)

NOKES.

Colley Cibber has transmitted to us in his apology, the following character of the greatest of all comedians.

NOKES was an actor of a quite different genius from any I have ever read, heard of, or seen, since or before his time; and yet his general excellence may be comprehended in one article, viz. a plain and palpable simplicity of nature, which was so utterly his own, that he was often as unaccountably diverting in his common speech, as on the stage. I saw him once, giving an account of some table talk, to another actor behind the scenes, which a man of quality accidentally listening to, was so deceived by his manner, that he asked him if that was a new play he was rehearsing? it seems almost amazing, that this simplicity, so easy to Nokes, should never be caught by any one of his successors. Leigh and Underhill have been well copied, though not equalled by others. But not all the mimical skill of Estcourt (famed as he was for it) though he had often seen Nokes, could scarce give us an idea of him. After this perhaps it will be saying less of him, when I own, that though I have still the sound of every line he spoke, in my ear, which used not to be thought a bad one, yet I have often tried, by myself, but in vain, to reach the least distant likeness of the *vis comica* of Nokes. Though this may seem little to his praise, it may be negatively saying a good deal to it, because I have never seen any one actor, except himself, whom I could not, at least so far imitate, as to give a more than tolerable notion of his manner. But Nokes was so singular a species, and was so formed by nature, for the stage, that I question if, beyond the trouble of getting words by heart, it ever cost him an hour's labour to arrive at that high reputation he had and deserved.

The characters he particularly shone in, were Sir Martin Marrall, Gomez in the Spanish Friar, Sir Nicolas Cully in Love in a Tub, Barnaby Brittle in the Wanton Wife, Sir Davy Dunce in the Soldier's Fortune, Sosia in Amphitryon,

trion, &c. &c. To tell you how he acted them, is beyond the reach of criticism: but to tell you what effect his action had upon the spectator, is not impossible: this then is all you will expect from me, and hence I must leave you to guess at him.

He scarce ever made his first entrance in a play, but he was received with an involuntary applause, not of hands only, for those may be, and have often been partially prostituted, and bespoken; but by a general laughter, which the very sight of him provoked, and nature could not resist; yet the louder the laugh, the graver was his look upon it; and sure, the ridiculous solemnity of his features were enough to set a whole bench of bishops into a titter, could he have been honoured (may it be no offence to suppose it) with such grave and right reverend auditors. In the ludicrous distresses, which by the laws of comedy, Folly is often involved in; he sunk into such a mixture of piteous pusillanimity, and a consternation so ruefully ridiculous and inconsolable, that when he had shook you, to a fatigue of laughter, it became a moot point, whether you ought not to have pitied him. When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb studious pout, and roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement, such a palpable ignorance of what to think of it, that his silent perplexity (which would sometimes hold him several minutes) gave your imagination as full content, as the most absurd thing he could say upon it. In the character of Sir Martin Marrall, who is always committing blunders to the prejudice of his own interest, when he had brought himself to a dilemma in his affairs, by vainly proceeding upon his own head, and was afterwards afraid to look his governing servant and counsellor in the face; what a copious, and distressful harangue have I seen him make with his looks, while the house has been in one continued roar for several minutes, before he could prevail with his courage to speak a word to him! then might you have, at once, read in his face *vexation*—that his own measures, which he had piqued himself upon, had failed. *Envy*—of his servant's superior wit—*distress*—to retrieve, the occa-

sion he had lost. *Shame*—to confess his folly; and yet a sullen desire, to be reconciled and better advised for the future! what tragedy ever showed us such a tumult of passions rising at once in one bosom ! or what buskinéd hero standing under the load of them, could have more effectually moved his spectators, by the most pathetic speech, than poor miserable Nokes did, by this silent eloquence, and piteous plight of his features ?

His person was of the middle size, his voice clear and audible ; his natural countenance grave and sober ; but the moment he spoke, the settled seriousness of his features was utterly discharged, and a dry, drolling, or laughing levity took such full possession of him, that I can only refer the idea of him to your imagination. In some of his low characters, that became it, he had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an awkward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you could not have believed, that naturally he could have had a grain of common sense. In a word, I am tempted to sum up the character of Nokes, as a comedian, in a parody of what Shakspeare's *Mark Antony* says of *Brutus* as a hero.

His life was laughter, and the ludicrous
So mix'd, in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world—this was an *actor*.

MISCELLANY.

THEOBALDUS SECUNDUS,

OR

SHAKSPEARE AS HE SHOULD BE.

NO. IV.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark, continued.

LATIN and Greek are the only tongues in which departed spirits can be addressed, for this reason they are denominated the *dead* languages. The nonappearance of these supernatural beings in the present day, may be fairly ascribed to the decay of the learned languages. COBBET, with all his volubility, has not a word to throw at a ghost. Johnson says:

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes,
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose.

This is converting learning into a bricklayer, and would have come with a better grace from Ben Jonson than from Sam. But however that may be, under such an architect, ghosts would naturally be enrolled in the company. Dr. Farmer may say what he pleases, but I firmly believe Shakspeare had Latin enough to talk to his own ghosts ; though I doubt whether I can express the same belief as to certain modern writers, who, by reviving ghosts to squeal and gibber on the London stages, have taken the same liberties as Shakspeare, without taking the same talents—"we have no cold beef sir," said the landlady at Glastonbury to a hungry traveller ; "but we have excellent mustard!" All this however is foreign to the Prince of Denmark,

Horatio. ————— I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day.

Doctor Fungus will have it, that cock should be clock, and ground his opinions upon the situation of St. Paul's clock.

But this would spoil the poetry of the whole passage. What an accurate picture does the creative pencil of our great poet present to the *mind's eye* ! The epithet *lofty* has fallen through the seives of all the commentators excepting Theobaldus Secundus. It obviously alludes to the high roosting perch of that valiant bird ; nor is the mythological imagery in this sentence to be passed by without its merited eulogium. Lingo, by way of *agreeable surprise*, informs us that the cock is the bird of Pallas—Pallas is the goddess of wisdom, and of course an early riser—

Early to bed, and early to rise, &c.

Her favourite bird undoubtedly awoke her with his shrill note, and at the same time roused the slumbering fop Phoebus, who answered in the words of Dr. Watts—

“ You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again.”

and being the god of wit, when he rubbed his own eyes, doubtless vented an imprecation on those of Minerva.

“ Thus wit and judgment ever are at strife.”—*Pope*.

The moral is obvious ;—they who, like Mr. Sheridan, aim only to be men of wit, lie a bed ; while they who, like Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Burke, and a very few others, aspire to be men of wisdom, rise with the lark. Horatio in continuation—

“ The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.”

“ The extravagant i. e. got out of his bounds”—*Warburton*—Bravo ! old Hurlo-thumbo ! got out of his depth, Warburton, you mean. Extra-vagant certainly may be construed out of bounds ; we need no ghost with a mouthful of Syntax to tell us that ; but Shakspeare had too much taste to adopt such an absurd Latinism. I have no doubt that the late king was a man of expensive habits, and is here compared to a

prisoner within the rules of the king's bench, who must return to quod at a given moment or compliment the marshal with the debt and costs. At the crowing of the cock, the extravagant and erring spirit (that is, the spendthrift of a defendant) whether he be drinking arrack punch at Vauxhall, champaigne at the Mount, or brandy and water at the Eccentrics, must kick off his glass-slipper, and hobble back to St. George's Fields, like the lame bottle-conjuror of *Le Sage*.

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Russet mantle! what sorry attire for a goddess ! I wish the critics would settle, once for all, the costume of Aurora ; at present she has clothes, fingers, feet, bosom, and hair, of as many colours as the roquelaure of Joseph. Homer styles her—

**Παραδεξίαν ήσε.—Rosy-finger'd morn,*

This is more like an old washerwoman than a young goddess. Ovid calls her *rutilis Aurora capillis*. And again—

Ut solet aér
Purpureus fieri, primum Aurora movetur.

I translate “*purpureus fieri*,” a fiery purple. What says Virgil of that particoloured damsels—

Tithoni croceum liquens Aurora cubile.

A golden bed, by the way, is but a poor atonement for a leaden old spouse snoring in it.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state,
She weds an ideot, but she eats off plate.

The moderns have been equally fanciful in describing Aurora. An old song says—

The morning was up gray as a rat,
The clock struck something, faith I can't tell what.

And Rosina now says, “see the rosy morn appearing ;” and now “the morn returns in saffron dress’d.”—Selim in Blue Beard, sings, “Gray-eyed morn begins to peep,” his is no compliment to the beauty of the goddess. If she had changed colours with the magician, it would have been well ; a *gray beard* is fit for an old man, and *blue eyes* for a young woman.

And now, reader, “*make way for the speaker.*”—The scene draws, and discovers a room of state, containing, the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants. This is the first appearance of Hamlet.—Here, then, we must suppose a clapping of hands, and a cry of hats off—down—down—you will therefore fancy to yourself a young gentleman, arrayed in black velvet, with a plume of sable feathers in his bonnet, big enough for the fore-horse of Ophelia’s hearse. But as in a certain assembly, if a member, however elevated in rank, rise to speak late in the evening, he sets his hearers coughing, there being no pectoral lozenge equal to an early harangue; and, as touching the Lord Hamlet in that manner, would be touching the honour of a prince, I shall keep his royal highness as a *bonne bouche* to open my next dissertation.

(To be Continued.)

DR. JOHN HILL, an author, who to great learning, judgment, sagacity, and luminous fancy, joined unparalleled industry, gratified the British public for a long time with a diurnal paper wholly from his own pen, called “the Inspector.” In the course of this work he gave some of the most admirable strictures upon the plays and players of his day. From that work we intend to give some select passages. The following is deserving of particular attention for the truth and accuracy of the parallels it presents to our view.

While I admire in Barry the quick conception, the strong expression, and the fine taste of Julio Romano ; while I hang upon the expression of his eyes, when tenderness is the passion to be described by them, and while in the several parts

of a history, or through the varied scenes of an interesting tragedy, I am at once surprised and charmed with the choice of attitudes in both, I cannot be blind to the defects that stain as well the painting as the scene: there was always what the judges call a dryness, a hardness in the painter, and the same foible now and then discloses itself in the less guarded moments of the player: neither the one nor the other seem to have been perfect masters of the doctrine of lights and shadows, and both are therefore sometimes extravagant, and not always graceful: this happy difference, however, appears between them, that while the arrogance of the painter esteemed his faults as excellencies, the player, equally capable of giving advice to himself, and of receiving it from others, will soon scandalize all criticism by annihilating the foibles that gave it origin.

The genius, the soul of Titian, is revived in Garrick; both give us not resemblances, but realities: they do not represent but create, upon the canvass or upon the scene; and what from others we would admire as representations, we read in these as actions. There is in the performance of this player, all the delicacy of taste, and all the dignity of expression that we reverence in the painter: his figures, where the subject gives him scope, are noble almost beyond imagination, his attitudes the most strictly appropriated to the sensations that inspire them, and his colouring, to borrow a metaphor from the sister art to express an excellence for which the other has yet no word of its own, is the greatest that we ever did or ever must expect to see. With all the sweetness and delicacy of his imagery, there is a glow of fire and freedom that at once surprises and charms his audience, and, like his brother artist, he excels all men who have ever been eminent, in the peculiar distinguishing touches which separate passion from passion; and thence give at once the greatest spirit and the strictest truth to the representation. I shall hardly venture to affirm that there is no foible in any of the pieces given us by either of these artists; but there is a blaze of majesty and beauty, throughout the

works of both, that at once engages the whole eye, and with its superior lustre dims what may be less worthy praise till it becomes indiscernible.

While Bellamy assumes the piety, the tenderness, and the sorrows of a Cordelia, or heightens the repentance of a Shore, we own that a Tintoret has done some pictures equal to Corregio. The first of these is the painter to whom I would resemble this rising actress, the latter only breathes in Cibber. No woman ever excelled Miss Bellamy in the requisites from nature, and were but her love to the profession, her application to its necessary studies, and her patience in going through the difficulties that lie in the road to eminence in it, equal to her abilities, she would have few equals. The outlines of her figures are sometimes faulty, but the colouring always pleases.

All that Corregio executed by the pencil we see in real life from Mrs. Cibber; the strength of lights and shadows, of the glaring and the obscure, are equal in the representations of both, but were never equalled by any other in either art. The dignity of sorrow, and natural and unaffected graces which that artist gives to his Madonas, this lady diffuses over the whole figure in the tragic scene that requires it; we are equally struck by both: we see nothing like either: and we admire the execution while we have no conception of the manner in which it is performed. The strength and heightening are alike admirable in each, and the consummate sweetness only to be rivalled by the expressive strength of the colouring. In the conduct and finish of their pieces, both have done wonders; and as the pictures of Corregio are so equal in their several parts, that, though the labour of years, they seem to have been finished in one day, so that the longest characters of this actress are so uniform throughout, that it is evident there are no careless absences, no false extravagances in any part, but that the whole is the resemblance of one temper actuated, though under various circumstances, by one passion.

In Mrs. Pritchard one sees revived the extensive powers of Hannibal Carrache: while we pursue her through the varied forms she assumes we cannot but acknowledge the character of Corregio, the fire of Titian, and the dignity of Raphael; this lady, of all the players, as that master of all the painters, comes nearest the character of a universal genius.

Woodward strikes the judicious eye with a strong resemblance of Paul Veronese: he has all the vivacity and ease of that great painter, and fully equals him in his fancy for the singular and the shining in his draperies; but, as he shares his beauties, he is not without his faults. His composition is sometimes improper, and his design always incorrect; but with these blemishes, however, his colouring is so well calculated to catch the eye, that he never fails to strike at first sight, and makes so happy an impression on the generality of an audience, that they never perceive what is deficient.

Though the last, not the least in my esteem, Macklin shall be produced; nor must those who judge superficially, be surprized when they see me call forth for his parallel Michael Angelo. It must be confessed of this great painter, that the choice of his attitudes was, though never unjust, not always pleasing: that his taste in design was not the most minutely fine, nor his outlines the most elegant; that he was sometimes extravagant in his conceptions, and bold even to rashness in his execution: perhaps the player of the parallel inherits some tincture of these faults; but to compensate, he has all his excellencies. He knows the foundation of the art better than them all: he designs, if less beautifully than some, more accurately than any: he better understands nature of the human frame, and the situation and power of its muscles than any man who ever played, nor has any man ever understood it like him as a science: there is an air of truth in all his figures, a greatness and severity in many of them that demand the utmost praise: and in the whole, if nature has qualified him less for shining in some of the most conspicuous parts than many, none has fewer faults.

King Lear.

A CORRESPONDENT has in a former number made some remarks on the corruptions, or, as they are called, alterations and adaptations of the plays of Shakspeare. As he has not prosecuted the subject, I will, with your permission, say a word or two on that vilest and most infamous of literary treasons, Tate's burlesque of king Lear.

This tragedy, as written by Shakspeare, is in my opinion the very noblest of our author's works; and by the generality of critics, I believe, none of his plays are absolutely preferred to it, except Macbeth. It is inconceivable how any one could think such a play required an alteration beyond the omission of the fool's character; and still more so, how Tate's transformation of it could have been at first endured by the nation: but that it should have been constantly represented at our national theatres for nearly one hundred and thirty years to the total exclusion of Shakspeare's divine drama, would be a circumstance totally incredible, were it not verified by experience, that the majority of an audience are very little troubled with a spirit of inquiry, and are no doubt ignorant of the vast difference between the two dramas. The play, as now performed "has the upper gallery on its side;" whose members, being unacquainted with Shakspeare's tragedy, are enchanted by the mad scenes, mangled as they are, and by all that is retained of the original, and therefore they applaud the whole, and witness its repetition. But it never could be inferred from their applauses, that even these spectators prefer Tate's play to Shakspeare's; there is no comparison in the case: they applaud the one, because they are pleased with it, not because they are displeased with the other, which they never saw, and of which they know nothing. Let the classical manager of — — theatre make a trial; it will be worthy his ambition to introduce a reformation, which even Garrick overlooked; and he may be assured, that the event will not only add to his reputation, but what is a more important consideration with our managers, will add to his profits also. Let Shakspeare and Tate

have a fair struggle ; and who can doubt the final triumph of Shakspeare.*

Dr. Johnson is the advocate of Tate's alteration ; but Addison, whose opinion is countenanced by Steevens, declares, that "the tragedy has lost half its beauty." Dr. Johnson is in part excusable for maintaining so erroneous an opinion ; but at the same time his sentiments ought to have no weight with others ; for we know, that in the present case he has formed his judgment, not with that solidity of taste which generally distinguishes his criticism, but with all the nervous agitation of a hypochondriac. But why should he defend his opinion by arguments at once unfair and untrue ? it is not true, that "in the present case the public has decided" in favour of the altered play : "Cordelia," says the critic, "from the time of Tate has always retired with victory and felicity :" but does he mean to assert, that the original drama, before Tate's corruption, was not well received by the public ? he cannot assert this, because he could not make good such an assertion. The fact is, as stated by Steevens, that "the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision."

Of the alterations introduced by this reformer of Shakespeare, the first and most obvious is the change of the catastrophe. King Lear and Cordelia, instead of dying as in the original, are finally triumphant, and *live very happy after*. Here is improvement, here is poetical justice, here is every thing that can be desired to the perfection of a drama. "Since all reasonable beings," says doctor Johnson, "naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse ; or that, if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue." This reasoning is just ; but the critic has unfortunately

* Mossop, when he was manager of the Dublin theatre, always played Lear as it was written by Shakspeare.

advanced a sentence, which must be a perpetual stumbling-block to every advocate of Tate, viz. “*if other excellencies are equal,*” &c. Had Shakspeare chosen, according to the “*faith of chronicles,*” to represent Cordelia triumphant; had he adorned the scenes of poetical justice with his peculiar spirit, and nature, and poetry; then indeed the excellencies of the drama, though different in kind, would probably have been equal in magnitude: though I think it very doubtful, whether even then the change of the catastrophe would not have been a deformity, rather than an improvement. Unquestionably our affection for persecuted virtue is strengthened by the very distresses in which it is involved. The triumph of Cordelia would certainly draw from us an instantaneous acknowledgment of satisfaction: but the impression could not be lasting; while her fall is fixed more deeply on the attention, and raises a more permanent feeling of pity for her sufferings, and indignation against her persecutors. Shakspeare must have thought so, when he chose, in violation of the truth of history, to deprive her of poetical justice. To conclude the question relative to the catastrophe, it is utterly impossible that the mind of Lear should be capable of surviving so violent a change of circumstances. In the original, he is very naturally represented by Shakspeare as bending under the weight of his calamities, and expiring of a broken heart.

“ *Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.*

“ *Lear.* Howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
 “ Had I your tongues and eyes, I’d use them so
 “ That heaven’s vault should crack:—O, she is gone forever!—
 “ I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
 “ She’s dead as earth.—

“ Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
 “ What is’t thou says’t?—Her voice was ever soft,
 “ Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
 “ I kill’d the slave that was a hanging thee.

" And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no, no life :
 " Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 " And thou no breath at all ? O, thou wilt come no more,
 " Never, never, never, never, never !—

" Pray you, undo this button : Thank you sir.—
 " Do you see this ?—Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
 " Look there,—look there !—

[*He dies.*"]

What a "luxury of wo" does this exquisite scene afford ? What can Tate produce to counterbalance its value ?

The next material alteration is the intrusion of love.* Cordelia is in love with Edgar. Why, of what an abominable taste must that man have been possessed, who in his sober senses could think of thus corrupting the noble simplicity of Cordelia's character. As for the language of love here introduced, it is about equal to what might be looked for from such a man. Take for a specimen an exquisitely pithy scene of about ten lines in the commencement of the play, in which Edgar follows Cordelia across the stage with the following pathetic stuff :

" Cordelia, royal fair, turn yet once more,
 " And ere successful Burgundy receive
 " The tribute of thy beauties from the king."—

* A hint to managers.—As the tragedy of Macbeth is the great rival of king Lear, I cannot but think, that it ought to be represented with all the advantages which its rival possesses; as, particularly, with the additional beauty of love. Nor would the change be difficult. Young Malcolm might very conveniently and very naturally fall in love with a daughter of Macbeth (to be sure it is most probable Macbeth had no daughter; but what of that ? It is not too late to make him one); then the lovers might have many an affecting interview under the walls of Dunsinane Castle; and finally, Malcolm instead of Macduff, might cut off Macbeth's head, and immediately lead his daughter to the altar. How successfully would this conclude in the style of Barbarossa, Gustavus Vasa, &c. which are evidently the true models of tragedy.

It is too sickening: I cannot go on. Cordelia the amiable and sensible Cordelia, in love with such a whining milk-and-water fool as this! It need not be mentioned, that of course they have several unaccountable interviews, and at the conclusion of the play, Cordelia, all overjoyed at the restoration of her father, marries Edgar!

The last remarkable corruption is in the introduction of a curious piece of stage-machinery, ycleped a confidant, who, loving her mistress more than herself, like a good servant, accompanies her through wind and rain, and every other stage-horror, in a dark night, on a wild-goose chase, without any adequate or apparent object. This confidant is like every other stage-confidant.

How such a wretched jumble of inconsistencies, absurdity, and insipidity, can have been suffered ever to be performed, is a subject at once of wonder and regret. It is surprising, that Garrick never remedied the evil; a man, who had an ardent veneration for Shakspeare, and by his acting and management went some way towards doing him justice. It is rather inconsistent, that he could suffer this play to be performed instead of Shakspeare's, and yet in one of his prologues make the following assertion :

" 'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
" To lose no drop of that immortal man."

Prologue to Catherine and Petruchio.

These lines too are quoted by Mr. Kemble, and prefixed as a motto to his alteration of one of Shakspeare's plays. Is Mr. Kemble not aware, how many drops of Shakspeare are lost, and how much false wine obtruded in their place, in this metamorphosis? It would be an endless task to point out all the beautiful and sublime passages omitted by Tate: but to point out all the absurdities he has introduced, would be more endless. As Mr. Kemble professes, however, such a wish, I will just remind him, before I conclude, of what perhaps he has forgotten, that the present stage-representation of Shak-

speare is a disgrace to his memory ; that many of his best plays are never performed ; that those which are performed are exhibited in so mangled a state, as to be totally unlike Shakspere ; and that not one of his dramas is now exhibited pure and unadulterated.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's, &c.

A SHAKSPEARIAN.

A week's journal of a strolling player.

Monday. We opened the house with the tragedy of the *distressed mother* ; I played *Orestes*. Our dresses and scenery rather out of repair, which gave some gentleman occasion to remark; that it would have been more *apropos*, had we advertised the play by the title of the *distressed family*.

Tuesday. Played George Barnwell. Part of the audience wanted me hanged : Afterwards did the watchman, and the bailiff in the *Apprentice*.—Shared thirteen pence three farthings.

Wednesday. Played *Fachimo* in *Cymbeline*. My arms almost broken by being put into too small a chest. The farce the *Register-office*—played *Gulwell*.—Shared one shilling.

Thursday. Doubled the *Ghost* and *Rosencrantz* in *Hamlet*, and afterwards played *Mogs* in the *Devil of a Duke*. A gentleman affronted me by saying I was *the devil of a conjuror*. Shared one shilling and six pence, and for the first time took my two bits of candles.

Friday. I played *Macduff*, and two or three other parts in *Macbeth*, one of the witches being drunk, we were obliged to make shift with two. The farce *Miss in her teens*: I was *Fribble*; and the house barber having gone off in a pet, because I could not pay him his week's bill, I was obliged to go on without my hair being dressed.—Shared ten pence and a candle.

Saturday. *The Orphan.* The manager had taken *Castalia* himself, and insisted on my playing *Acasto*. An ignorant country fellow introduced it only to support *Acasto* in the

third act, stands on the stage, when I asked “where are all my friends?” answered, “sir, they are at the George over a mug of ale.” We afterwards had the *Padlock* without music. I played *Mungo* and never felt any thing half so much as the favourite air, “I wish to my heart me was dead.”

—

Macklin and Foote.

Macklin once left the stage and set up a tavern and Coffee-house on a new plan in the piazza, Covent garden. At his dinners every thing was done by the waiters, on signs made to them by Macklin himself who acted as chief waiter. One night, being at supper with Foote and some others at the Bedford, one of the company praised Macklin for the great regularity of his ordinary, and in particular his manner of directing his waiters *by signals*. Ay, sir, says Macklin, I knew it would do, and where do you think I picked up this hint?—well sir, I’ll tell you, I picked it up from no less a man than James Duke of York, who you know sir, first invented signals for the fleet. Very apropos indeed, said Foote, and good poetical justice, as *from the fleet* they were taken, *so to the fleet* both master and signals are likely to return.

Macklin afterwards failed.

Another time Macklin delivered public lectures. One night as he was preparing to begin, he heard a buz in the room, and spied Foote in a corner talking and laughing immoderately. This he thought a safe time to rebuke that wicked wit, as he had begun his lecture and consequently could not be subject to any criticism: he therefore cried out with some authority “well sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say now?” “No sir says Foote, pray *do* you?” This ready reply and the laughter it occasioned silenced Macklin, and so embarrassed him that he could not get on, till called upon by the general voice of the company.

Another time Macklin undertook to show the causes of duelling in Ireland, and why it was much more the practice

of that nation than any other. In order to do this, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, and, getting as far as queen Elizabeth, he was proceeding when Foote spoke to order. "Well sir, what have you to say on the subject?" said Macklin, "only to crave a little attention sir," said Foote, with much seeming modesty, "when I think I can settle this point in a few words."—"Well sir, go on."—"Why then, sir," says Foote, "to begin, what o'clock is it?"—"O'clock" said Macklin, "what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?" "Pray sir," said Foote, "be pleased to answer my question." Macklin on this, pulled out his watch and reported the hour to be past ten.—"Very well," said Foote, "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland that can afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk ; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling, duelling, and so there's an end of the chapter." The company seemed perfectly satisfied with this abridgment, and Macklin shut up his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon.

Countess of Carlisle's opinion of the Drama, taken from her maxims to young ladies.

When you fix your mind on the scenes before you, when the eye shall not wander to, nor the heart flutter at the surrounding objects of the spectacle, you will return home instructed and improved.

The great utilities you may reap from well acted tragedy are the exciting your compassion to real sufferings, the suppressing of your vanity in prosperity, and the inspiring you with heroic patience in adversity.

In comedy you will receive continual correction, delicately applied to your errors and foibles ; be impartial in the application, divide it humbly with your acquaintance and friends, and even with your enemies.

The general lover—An Ovidian rhapsody.

JAQUES. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO. It is a fault I would not change for your best virtue.

Though I may be inconstant to *Elizabeth, Betty, and Bess*, I am never inconstant to love. But I will not defend myself. No, if it would do any good to confess, I own my fault, and will say that I hate myself for it ; but I must add, that though I wish it, I cannot be otherwise than what I hate. I am borne along like a vessel in a rapid current, impelled by wind and tide—I know not what form delights me most, therefore the causes are endless, why I can never cease to love.

If modest the nymph, with her eyes in her lap,
Her blushing's enough, I am caught in the trap.

If she is high spirited I am won, because she is not rustic.—Is she austere,—I think her willing, but an admirable dissembler.

If learned, than riches I prize it above,
If not, sweet simplicity, O, how I love !

Is there one who prefers my writings to those of the salacious warbler, the wanton lacivious little Moore ? She to whom I am pleasing is ever pleasing to me. If she hates both me and my works, I long to give her reason to think differently of both. This fair one walks with grace, her graces captivate me ; that sings, and her voice flows like honey from her lips ; I pant to kiss the hive from which such honey flows. Her brilliant fingers sweep the chords : Who can but love such well-instructed fingers?—To love in every shape I bend my knees.

'Though her figure heroic would fill the whole bed,
For me there'd be room where I'd lay my fond head.

If she is little and short I am equally glad, for then I can never have *too much* of her. Light hair how lovely!—Brown, I think it auburn—Black, how beautiful when hanging in ringlets on her snowy neck! Is it red—what so red as gold?—Youth warms my heart and later age I love; this pleases by its form, that by its conduct.—Is she a slut—how saving!—Is she delicate—how delightful!—Is she my wife—I must love her—Is she my friend's—how can I help it!—The fatter, the warmer; the thinner, she is less subject, *perhaps*, to the frailty of the *flesh*.—Is she lame—how domestic!—Is she deaf—'tis well.—Is she blind—'tis better.—Is she dumb—O, 'tis too much!

Humorous Epilogues after Tragedies.

THE custom of introducing humorous epilogue, farce, and buffoonery, after the mind has been agitated, softened, or sublimed by tragic scenes, has been often objected to.

It hath been said in its favour, that five long acts is a portion of time sufficiently long to keep the attention fixed on melancholy objects; that human life has enough of real, without calling in the aid of artificial distress; that it is cruel to send home an audience with all the affecting impressions of a deep tragedy in their minds.

In reply, it has been observed, that it is degrading and untrue to describe the human species as incapable of receiving gratification only from comic scenes; that “*there is a luxury in wo,*” independent of its purifying the bosom and suppressing the more ignoble passions.

The supporters of this opinion have also added, that there is a species of depravity in endeavouring by ludicrous mummery to efface the salutary effects of pathetic, virtuous, and vigorous sentiments; that it is sporting with the sympathies of our nature, repugnant to correct taste, and counteracting moral utility.

This violation of the law of gentle and gradual contrasts, has been felt and complained of by most frequenters of a modern theatre, and well-authenticated instances have been

produced of guilty men retiring from a well-written and well-acted play to repentance and melioration.

An epilogue has been composed by Mr. Sheridan in support of these opinions, superior in pathos, poetry and practical deduction, to any I ever read. It was originally spoken by Mrs. Yates, after the performance of *Semiramis*, a tragedy translated from the French.

Dishevell'd still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I, with jests deride the tragic scene ?
No, beauteous mourners ! from whose downcast eyes
The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice ;
Whose gentle bosoms, Pity's altars, bear
The chrystal incense of each falling tear !
There lives the poet's praise ; no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart !

When general plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before ;
Though under spirits love th' accustomed jest,
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast ;
Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain—
The sigh gives pleasure and the jest is pain:
Scarce have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
Though Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ.

Thus, through the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful showers that hang on April's eve ;
Though every coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning beam its dews to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon,
But, bath'd in nature's tears, it drops till noon.

O could the Muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who hear might reach ;
Thou child of sympathy, whee'er thou art,
Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part ;
Go search where keener woes demand relief,
Go, while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief.
Thy breast, still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still ling'ring on the eye ;

Go, and on real misery bestow
 The blest effusions of fictitious wo,
 So shall our muse, supreme of all the nine;
 Deserve indeed the title of divine,
 Virtue shall own her favoured from above,
 And Pity greet her with a sister's love.

A few words of advice, extracted from a London magazine.

TO THE CONDUCTOR.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I am a sort of literary *Lounger*, though no *Connoisseur*, yet an *Idler*, like myself, will always assume a right to turn *Observer* upon every *Adventurer*; and, whether you may subscribe to my opinions or not, yet, as I mean to subscribe to your work, I shall offer them very freely.

Too many publications promise much at their outset, and perform little in the sequel; great expectations will be formed of what may be produced by the members of a British *Cabinet*; and in case of failure every *Guardian* of his own rights will become a *Tatler*; you will be accused as a *Rambler* from your engagements, and, at your downfal, the *World* will be an unconcerned *Spectator*; while, on the contrary, by proper polish and reflection, you may be styled the *Mirror* of all *Monthly Magazines* in the metropolis. So much for your title, I shall next make some remarks as to the general conduct of the work itself.

With regard to the engraved heads prefixed to each number, and called portraits, I would certainly advise that they should bear *some* resemblance to the originals; this, notwithstanding it may be but a trifling recommendation to some readers, will often prove an advantage; for, however singular it may appear, I have frequently purchased a picture myself, for no reason than that it put me in mind of the person it professed to represent.

I am conscious, however, that there may be exceptions to this general rule; indeed I know a very worthy vender of

prints, who keeps in his cellar some hundreds of admirals and generals, ready engraved, and by cutting off the arm of one, or clapping a convenient patch on the eye of another, he is always ready before any of his competitors to present the town with striking likenesses of any or all of those persons who so frequently claim our attention and gratitude. However, as there is no subject on which people are apt to disagree so pointedly as on the precision or dissimilarity of a copy from nature, you may safely steer clear of all criticism, and perhaps please all parties by embellishing your incipient number with a face combining Cooke's nose, Kemble's chin, and Munden's mouth, with the arched eye of Lewis, and writing under it

The head of an eminent actor.

Thus every one will recognise the feature of a favourite, and one feature in a whole face is as much as they ought to expect.

Admit no *puns* into your miscellany. Dennis, the critic, has said, and I know not how many others after him, that a punster is no better than a pickpocket, and with truth, for how dare any quibbling varlet attempt to rob his neighbour of any portion of that delightful inflexibility, the very taciturnity of which bespeaks what *wisdom* may lie buried in a *grave* demeanour?

Be not too *sentimental* neither; nor copy the infantine simplicity of those dear little children of the *Della Cruscan* school, who, “*lisp in numbers.*” Do not let them lisp in any number of your publication. No sir, like sir Peter Teazle, I say, “curse your sentiments;” for the man whose effeminate ideas, expressed in effeminate accents, would contribute to lessen the manly character of the English nation, deserves to be lost in a labyrinth, as I am now, and left in the lurch for a finish to each sentence he commences.

On the other hand, you must carefully shun the affectation of *bombastic diction*—it is lamentable to see a preelucidated theme rendered semidiaphonous, by the elimination of

simple expression, to make room for the conglomeration of pondrous periods, and to exhibit the phonocamptic coxcombry of some pedant, who mistakes sentences for wagons, and words for the wheels of them.

Avoid *alliteration*, allowed by all to be the very vehicle of vicious verbosity, particularly in a periodical publication; therefore, the thought that dully depends, during lengthened lines of lumbering lucubration, on innumerable initials introduced instead of rhyme or reason, is really reprehensible. Shakspeare, scorning the sufferance of such a sneaking style, said “Wit whither wilt?”

Lest you should put the same question to me, I will give you my concluding piece of advice, which is, that you should beware of introducing second hand *Rural Tales* and essays, from the successful labours of your predecessors. Such things *have* happened more than once, and I remember reading a letter to the editor, in the first number of a new magazine, which was unfortunately signed by, *An Old Subscriber*.

P. S. I meant to have called myself a *Constant Reader*, but, if you follow my advice, you will have so many of those, you will not know how to distinguish me from others. I shall, therefore, address my future correspondence, under the signature of my proper initials,

S. L. U. M.

A CHAPTER ON LOGIC;

Or, the Horse Chesnut, and the Chesnut Horse.

OCCASIONED by an observation of Mr. Montague Mathew, in the house of commons, during the last session of parliament, that Mr. Mathew Montague was no more like him, than a horse chesnut was like a chesnut horse.

An Eton stripling, training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at law,
One happy christmas laid upon the shelf
His cap and gown, and stores of learned pelf,

With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
 To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
 Arriv'd, and pass'd the usual how d'ye do's,
 Inquiries of old friends and college news ;
 " Well Tom—the road—what saw you worth discerning ?
 Or how goes study :—what is it you're learning ?"
 " Oh ! logic, sir ; but not the shallow rules
 Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools !
 'Tis wits' and wranglers' logic : thus, d'ye see,
 I'll prove at once as plain as A B C,
 That an eel-pie's a pigeon—to deny it,
 Would be to swear black's not black—come let's try it.
 An eel-pie is a pie of fish—agreed,
 Fish-pie may be a jack-pie.—Well proceed.
 A jack-pie is a john-pie ; and tis done,
 For every john-pie must be a pie-john,—(pigeon.)
 " Bravo !" sir Peter cries, " logic for ever !
 That beats my grandmother's, and she was clever.
 But hold, my boy, since 'twould be very hard,
 That wit and learning should have no reward,
 Tomorrow, for a stroll, the Park we'll cross ;
 And there I'll give thee,"—" What ?" " My chesnut horse,"
 " A horse !" quoth Tom, " blood, pedigree, and paces,
 Heav'n's what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races !"
 To bed he went, and slept for downright sorrow,
 That night must go before he'd see the morrow ;
 Dreamt of his boots and spurs, and leather breeches,
 Of hunting-caps, and leaping rails and ditches ;
 Left his warm nest an hour before the lark !
 Dragg'd his old uncle, posting, to the Park.
 Halter in hand, each vale he scour'd at loss,
 To spy out something like a chesnut horse ;
 But no such animal the meadows cropt—
 At length beneath a tree sir Peter stopt ;
 A branch he caught, then shook it, and down fell
 A fine horse chesnut in its prickly shell.
 There Tom, take that—Well, sir, and what beside ?
 Why since you're booted, saddle it and ride ;
 Ride what ? a chesnut !—Ay, come, get across ;
 I tell you, Tom, that chesnut is a horse,
 And all the horse you'll get—for I can show,
 As clear as shunshine, that 'tis really so ;

Not by the musty, fusty, worn out rules
 Of Locke and Bacon—addle headed fools !
 Or old Mallebranche—blind pilot into knowledge,
 But by the laws of wit, and Eton college.
 All axioms but the wranglers I'll disown,
 And stick to one sound argument—your own.

What is the literary world?

It is a kind of fair, full of stalls, wares, and shopkeepers : in which the theologist sells his stuff, which at the same time supplies food and warmth. The critic disposes of his cobweb linen and transparent lawn, of no shelter from the cold. The philologist, his embroidered vests, Corinthian vases, and Phrygian marble. The physician letters and syllables. The lawyer, men. The antiquary, old shoes. The alchymist, himself. The poet, smoke. The orator, paint. The historian, fame—and the philosopher, heaven and earth.

What are the most rare animals in the world?

A rich man contented with his fortune. A man distinguished by genius and not by defects. A courtier grown old. A learned man who knows himself. A virgin who is beautiful to every body but herself. A prime minister who possesses honesty ; who has the interest of his country, not that of himself or his associates, at heart.

Addison's pedigree of Wit.

Good Sense is his father, Truth his grandfather, and Mirth and Good Humour are his chosen companions.

An impertinent petit-maitre told a country gentleman in a coffeehouse at the west end of the town that he looked like a groom. “I am one,” replied he, “and am ready to rub down *an ass*.”

Curious slip-slop!—The three wives of a knight, a physician, and a justice, were one evening engaged in a social game of questions and commands ; and, according to the cus-

tom of the game, the first began, “I love my love with an N because he is a k-night!” The second in the same terms confessed her partiality for an F, because he was a physician! and the third avowed a similar regard for a G, because he was a justice!

Specific for blindness.—A quack doctor in the neighbourhood of York, who advertises a universal specific for the ills of mankind, adds, that he attends to communications by letter, “but it is necessary that persons afflicted with the loss of sight should *see* the doctor.”

A stage-struck youth lately called upon Mr. K, at his residence not far from Bloomsbury-square, and applied for an engagement. The manager, after scrutinizing the various qualifications of the youthful candidate, inquired, “and pray sir, to what particular parts have your studies been directed? What is your forte?” “Why, sir, (replied the youth in a modest tone) I rather think that I excel in your line.” “My line! (exclaimed the manager with peculiar complacency) what is that? What do you mean?” “To confess the truth, (rejoined the tyro) I flatter myself that I am most at home in *playing the tyrant!*”

“The theatre at Sydney appears to be in a very flourishing state,” said a gentleman to John Kemble, speaking of the Botany Bay theatricals, an account of which appeared in the papers a few months since. “Yes,” replied the tragedian, “the performers ought to be all good, for they have been selected and sent to that situation by very excellent *judges!*”

An Irish forgery.—At a provincial assize not long since, in Ireland, an attorney was tried upon a capital charge of forgery. The trial was extremely long, when after much sophistry from the counsel, and the most minute investigation of the judge, it appeared to the complete satisfaction of a

crowded court, that the culprit had forged the *signature of a man who could neither read nor write!*

A woman lately brought before a country magistrate, behaving with much confidence, was told by his worship that she had brass enough in her face to make a five gallon kettle. "Yes," answered she, "and there is sap enough in your head to fill it."

Anecdotes of Macklin.

Macklin was very intimate with Frank Hayman (at that time one of our first historical painters) and happening to call upon him one morning, soon after the death of the painter's wife with whom he lived but on indifferent terms, he found him wrangling with the undertaker about the extravagance of the funeral expenses. Macklin listened to the altercation for some time: at last, going up to Hayman, with great gravity he observed, Come, come, Frank, though the bill is a little extravagant, pay it in respect to the memory of your wife: for by G— I am sure she would do twice as much for you had she the same opportunity.

A notorious egotist one day in a large company indirectly praising himself for a number of good qualities which it was well known he had not, asked Macklin the reason why he should have this propensity of interfering in the good of others when he frequently met with unsuitable returns? "I could tell you, sir," says Macklin. "Well do sir; you are a man of sense and observation, and I should be glad of your definition." "Why then sir, the cause is impudence—nothing but stark-staring impudence."

A gentleman at a public dinner asking him inconsiderately Whether he remembered Mrs. Barry, the celebrated actress who died about the latter end of queen Ann's reign, he planted his countenance directly against him with great severity, and bawled out, "No, sir, nor Harry the eighth neither. They were both dead before my time."

An Irish dignitary of the church, not remarkable for veracity, complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a liar, Macklin asked him what reply he made him. "I told him," said he, "that a lie was among the things I *dared not commit.*" "And why, doctor," replied Macklin, "did you give the rascal *so mean an opinion of your courage?*"

ANECDOCE OF QUIN.

Quin's servant, at the accustomed hour,
Once came to call his master,
With visage long and aspect sour,
Expressive of disaster.

Quin soon began his usual story,
Well, John, what news of fish?
Have you of turbot or John Dory
Seen e'er a handsome dish?

Says John I've been the market round,
And searched from stall to stall,
But only some few Mackerel found,
And those not fresh at all.

Well! how's the day? says Quin again,
Will it be wet or dry?
There seems a drizzling kind of rain
Was honest John's reply.

Quin turns in bed with piteous moan,
And, not to brood o'er sorrow.
Says shut the door, and call me, John;
About this time tomorrow.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BLODWELL ROCK.

A FOX-CHASE rather remarkable in its nature, lately took place. As a gentleman was coursing under Blodwell Rock, near Porthywaen lime works, he unkennelled a very large dog fox; and having two couple of beagles, they pursued him through the extensive covers near that rock to the summit of Llanymynech hill; but being very hard run, he made a short turn passing through the Gorwell covers, and along the banks of the river Turnet, near to the village of Llanyblodwell. The beagles then approached him so near, that he was under the necessity of taking the road for Llandu; and leaving those covers on the left, he returned much fatigued, near to the place where he was first started. He then went through a large cover called Cowman's Ruff, and back to Llanymynech hill; and in a lime quarry there, he stopped for his little pursuers, who, having run him in view under that hill, opposite the village of Llanymynech, he ascended a craggy rock, and got into a subterraneous passage of great length formerly worked, it is supposed, by the Roman miners. Bold Reynard being somewhat warm could not long remain in so close a confinement, but had the audacity to make his appearance at the mouth of the passage, and fought his way out, in defiance of the beagles and a brace of greyhounds, which he had beaten before; and taking a direction the same way back, for a considerable distance up a narrow precipice in another part of the rock, he had no alternative of escaping but by throwing himself down a declivity a little further on, at least forty feet high, without any apparent injury. He then ran near to the turnpike gate at Llanymynech, but being met by a canal boat, he altered his course, and ran over the Stair Corrig Held, where he took another prodigious leap and then ran along the turn pike road to Oswestry, having stopped a few minutes in a small close near

Llynckly, and the beagles ran him in view for a considerable way, and he was taken alive after a hard chace of more than four hours, with little or no intermission.

WILTSHIRE PASTIME.

THE play at singlestick at Salisbury races on Wednesday was very dull, there being no players of note to meet the Somersetshire men, who carried off the prize easily. On Thursday, however, James Lyne arrived, on his return from Magdaline bull fair, and Maslen came in from Devizes. Some fine play was now displayed—Maslin and John Wall had no less than thirty-five bouts, and at length Wall gave in, not being able longer to keep his guard.

But the crack play was between James Lyne (of Wilts.) and Wm. Wall (Somerset) and it afforded a high treat to the amateurs of the art. At length Lyne won Wall's head, and the play concluded for the morning. In the afternoon when the tyes were called on, the Wiltshire men had four heads, and only one Somerset man (Bunn) had gained a head. The odds were too great for Bunn to have any hope of success, he therefore gave in, and the Wiltshire men divided the prize.

Two master gamesters, a Berkshire and a Hampshire man then entered the ring on a particular challenge, and showed much skill, intrepidity and good bottom. Berkshire triumphed. The sport lasted five hours. The bouts played were one hundred and sixty-one. The heads broken seventeen.

ST. GILES'S PASTIME.

A DUEL was fought in a field, near Chalkfarm, between two Hibernian heroes, named FELIX O'FLANNAGAN and DENNIS O'SHAUGNESSY, in consequence of a dispute which occurred the preceding evening, at a meeting of *connoisseurs*, in Russel-square, to view the newly erected statue of the late duke of Bedford; when Mr. O'Flannagan and Mr. O'Shaug-

nessy differed in opinion, not only in respect to the materials of which the statue was composed, but the identity of the person it was said to represent.

Mr. O'Flannagan, who is a *composer of mortar*, insisted it was made of *cast stone*, and represented the duke of Bedford; and Mr. O'Shaugnessy, who is a *rough lapidary*, vulgarly called a *pavior*, contended it was made of *cast iron*, and intended to "raprisint *Charley Whox*." The dispute ran high, and, as it advanced, became mixed with party and provincial feelings. Mr. O'Flannagan was a Connaught man, and a *Cannavat*; Mr. O'Shaugnessy a Munster man, and a *Shannavat*.

With such provocations of mutual irritation, they quickly appealed to the law of arms; and after putting the eyes of each other into *half mourning*, they agreed to adjourn the battle till Sunday morning, and to decide it like *jontlemen*—by the *cudgel*. The meeting took place accordingly, and each was attended to the field by a numerous train of partizans, male and female, from the warlike purlieus of Dyott-street and Saffron-hill. They were armed with blackthorn cudgels of no ordinary dimensions; and having *set to*, without ceremony or parade, each belaboured his antagonist for above an hour, in a style that would have struck terror into the stoutest of the Burkes and Belchers, and *enameled* each other from head to foot, with lasting testimonies of vigour and dexterity. The air was rent by the triumphant shouts of their respective partizans, as either alternately bit the ground. At length, Mr. O'Shaugnessey yielded the victory; and Mr. O'Flannagan was borne off the field, with his brows enwreathed by the Sunday *shawl* of a milkwoman, his sweetheart, who witnessed the combat, and crowned the conqueror with her own *fair hands*.



GATHER YOUR ROSE BUDS

Carnaby

Moderato

Gather your rose buds while you may old time is still a flying old

time is still a flying and that sweet flow'r which smiles to day to

morrow may be dy-ing & that sweet flow'r which smiles to day to

morrow may be dy-ing

Wifely improve the present hour
Be innocently gay
Slight not the pleasures in your pow'r
Which will not cannot stay



A singular circumstance.

Mr. Jones a veterinary surgeon of the Curtain road, near London, was called upon lately to attend a horse that was unwell ; having some very untoward symptoms about him, the horse was conceived to be in danger : every means was made use of that seemed calculated to be of service, but without effect, as he died the same evening. On opening the body, in the presence of several spectators the rectum was found to be ruptured by the pressure of a large calculus, or stone which weighs five pounds seven ounces, and in one of the intestines (*the colon*) were found three others that weigh sixteen pounds seven ounces, Altogether twenty one pounds fourteen ounces. They are kept in Mr. Jones' museum and submitted to the inspection of those who desire to view such a phenomenon.

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A partridge's nest was last August discovered in a plot of grass, in the garden of the Reverend Mr. M'Kenzie of Knockbourn, Shropshire. It contained sixteen eggs which had been deserted by the mother. They were immediately laid under a turkey hen that was sitting, and from them were brought forth sixteen fine birds, which were in a thriving state, and were following the turkey as their mother when the account here given was written.

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Pedestrianism.

In these days of walking wonders, the following is worthy of notice.

A lieutenant of the navy stationed with the sea fensibles at Kingston ; between five and six miles from Swanage, performed that distance on foot in the short space of twenty minutes.

DRAMATIC CENSOR.

I have always considered those combinations which are formed in the playhouse as acts of fraud or cruelty. He that applauds him who does not deserve praise, is endeavouring to deceive the public. He that hisses in malice or in sport is an oppressor and a robber.

Dr. Johnson's Idler, No. 25.

From a Correspondent at New-York.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

WE have for several weeks been gratified by the performance of Mr. Dwyer, lately arrived from England, an actor certainly superior to any on the London boards in genteel comedy, and highly respectable as a tragedian. He possesses every requisite for the stage : a fine person, a good voice, a manly expression of countenance and the most polished address. His orthoepy seems to have been acquired by the means which alone can give it perfection : an intimate acquaintance and a constant interview with the best speakers of the senate, the bar, the pulpit, and the stage in the metropolis of the British empire.

It is a difficult task for an actor or actress newly arrived amongst us (even were that actor a Garrick and the actress a Siddons) to overcome, at the first onset, certain prejudices, which, in spite of a good understanding, will oftentimes take possession of the human mind ; and a New-York audience seem particularly to require time for a complete manifestation of their acknowledgment of superior talents, lest they stand accused of an unjust partiality to a former favourite, or perhaps thinking with Theseus, "that should the favourite be in the

wane, yet, in courtesy, in all reason, they must stay the time."* However this may be, and strongly as the illiberal mode of proceeding may have operated against respectable actors at various times, Mr. Dwyer has carried every thing before him. Those who were desirous of diminishing his fame, have sneaked from the field.

The fiends look'd up, and knew
Their mounted scale aloft : nor more——†

Mr. Dwyer has entirely justified amongst us the flattering reports we had received of him in the European prints ; and our theatrical ameteurs will feel a disagreeable void in their pleasures when he leaves us. He is engaged on very liberal terms for a few nights in Philadelphia, by Mr. Warren, who lately made a journey to New-York for the express purpose of witnessing his extraordinary powers. Thence it is said, he will proceed to Boston and the other principal cities of the United States.

It would be needless to point out Mr. Dwyer's particular excellencies : but we most esteem him for his *originality*. Scorning the degrading acts of imitation, he has formed himself upon the unerring principles of nature. In his performance we find that agreement, which, like the soul, adds life and action to the figure, and is the all in all.

The little judgment used in the casts of the plays in which Mr. Dwyer has appeared, must have, however, greatly diminished the effect his talents would produce upon us, were he respectably supported. Our company, weak and bad in the extreme, is by bad management rendered much worse. To the annoyance of the public, when one actor, as a *star*, is thought to have sufficient attraction to make a good house of himself, the best performers of the company (and heaven knows bad enough is the best) are left out ; prompter, scene-shifters,

* Shakspeare Midsummer night's Dream.

† Milton.

supernumeraries, and candle-snuffers being tugged in by the ears, as occasion may require, to complete the *Dramatis Personæ*. The place of Mrs. Oldmixon, whom we always see with pleasure, and who is never willingly absent when she can contribute to the gratification of the audience, is frequently occupied by Mrs. Hogg, whose infirmities impede those exertions which we are inclined to believe she is willing to make: and Mr. Simpson, who, in some characters, is not a bad performer, is often supplanted by the very sweepings of the green-room. How often do we see that second Proteus, the little prompter with his *parenthetical* legs, rolled on in five or six different parts on the same evening. Gentleman, jailor, footman, king, and beggar are to him equally indifferent; and next to Mr. Hallam we conceive him to be the very best murderer on the boards.

As we have gone so far in our observations on the state of the company, it may be as well to take a glance at the whole corps.

First on the scroll stands the respectable Tyler, who, with some natural qualifications and much industry, has for many years been the most useful actor on our boards. His grave old gentlemen are far above mediocrity, and although nearly sixty years of age, he appears to much advantage occasionally in comic opera ; being the only man in the company, with the exception of Mr. Twaits, capable of singing.

Mr. Twaits as a low comedian is inferior to none in the United States.

Mr. Simpson, denied by nature the possibility of being graceful, endeavours to make up for his defects by close attention to his business. He is generally perfect, and may, by reading and much study, become tolerable in the walk he aims at ; which is genteel comedy. His chief defects are a whining sing-song management of his voice, that savors more of the rant of a methodist preacher than the genuine expression of natural feeling. Mr. Simpson however, does not want fire ; a few years observation of good models may entitle him to a respectable standing on this side the Atlantic.

Mr. Robinson's country boys and old men are excellent. His attempts at tragedy and genteel comedy, will we fear, never be successful.

Mr. Young pleases us in all he undertakes. His conception is just, and his gesticulation worthy of example.

In Mr. Collins we see much of the *naivete* of Suett and Blisset. He bids fair to be an excellent low comedian of a certain cast.

Mrs. Twaits approaches very near excellency in several walks of the drama. Her figure is too *petite* to give effect to heroic characters ; but her voice is good, and her stage business *soigné*.

Mrs. Oldmixon, the only female singer among us ! has lost none of her powers.

Of Mrs. Mason we shall speak more fully hereafter. In gay, and sprightly, and laughing comedy she is most at home. Her tragedy is too whining.

Mrs. Young is the most attractive actress I have seen for many years. There is something in her manner which charms the eye, whilst the ear is at times offended. This is easily accounted for—she is very handsome—her countenance is the picture of innocence ; her deportment modest and unaffected ; but she wants study ; and there is some little defects in her speech, which, we fear it will be difficult to remove.

Mrs. Poe is a pleasing actress, with many striking defects. She should never attempt to sing.

Mr. Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Young, and Mr. Twaits leave us in July. We trust the manager will take a little more pains to procure a good company. The public are liberal ; and his purse-strings should be open to pay as well as to receive. If we had Mr. Warren here, or some one capable of discerning merit and willing to reward it, the town would never fail to support him. But, as it is, the only hope we have is a *new theatre*, a subscription for which, it is reported,

is now on foot. John Hogg, a very good actor has been for twelve months unemployed here, whilst ten-dollars-per-week men are engaged to stutter and stammer in parts as far above their conception as their talents.

GLUM.

—
THE AFRICANS.

IN that laudable zeal for the gratification of the public which has uniformly distinguished the management of Mr. Warren, he resolved to get up *The Africans*, and produced it at his own benefit on Wednesday the 18th of April. The scenery, dresses, and preparations being very expensive, he could not demonstrate his respect for the city, and his anxiety to provide for their amusement more unequivocally, than by hazarding an immense expenditure of money, upon the issue of a solitary benefit, when there were plays already in stock (the Foundling of the Forest, for instance) that without a cent of additional expense would have been sufficiently productive. Much is owing, therefore, to the manager for presenting us with the Africans.

Among the dramatists of the day Mr. Colman stands in our opinion, very high—if not highest. Some of his plays are noble productions, but by that of which we are now speaking, his fame will not be greatly augmented. Of the fable it is sufficient to say, that it is taken from FLORIAN, who, as a pastoral writer, equals Cervantes himself. Like every thing of Florian's the tale is divinely beautiful; but the selection of it for the stage evinces a want of judgment, of which Mr. Colman is rarely liable to be accused. The main ground work is the distress, or rather the agonies of an African family, by which the warmest sympathy is awakened in the bosom: too simple, however, in itself for a stage-plot, though impressive and interesting as a narrative, Mr. Colman has jumbled up with it metal of a lower kind, and so rudely alloyed the gold of Florian, that the value of it is rather injured. Such a mass of incongruous beauties we do not

recollect to have seen. A tale of the most pathetic kind is interwoven with low comedy—the most lofty sentiments, the most exalted virtues, and heroism and magnanimity strained almost beyond the limits of probability, are checkered by uncouth pleasantries, and the most pathetic incidents intruded upon and interrupted by the farcical conundrums of Mug, a low cockney, who has become secretary of state to the king of the Mandingoës. Thus, oscillating between Kotesbue and O'Keefe, giving now a layer of exalted sentiment, and then a layer of mere farce, has Mr. C. raised a long three act piece.

Nor are these the only imperfections of the piece. The language and sentiments of the serious parts are at such variance with the personages to whom they are assigned, not only according to received opinions, but to obvious matter of fact, that no stretch of the imagination can reconcile them. When we witness actions in which the tenderest charities inculcated by the christian dispensation are combined with the inflexible magnanimity of the stoic's creed—when we hear virtues

———— Such a Roman breast
In Rome's corruptless times might have confest.

dressed up in a vigorous highly ornamented style, and the crime of suicide depicted in the most glowing language of poetry, and deplored and deprecated in terms of dissuasion, forcible as those of Bourdaloue, and eloquent as those of Massillon, delivered from the mouth of a sooty African, as the spontaneous issues of his native moral philosophy and religion, we feel the incongruity too much for our nerves, and reject it in action. It may be asked, "why may not a negro on the coast of Africa enjoy such feelings, possess such virtues and speak them in such terms?" From what we have heard and seen, we entertain little doubt that there are men capable of asking such a question; but we know no way of answering it but by asking in return why an Esquimaux Indian should not compose an overture equal to any

of Handel's, or a Dutch boor dance a *pas seul* as well as *Vestris*, or a minuet as well as the prince of Wales.

Again it may be asked how it came to pass that this play, if so exceptionable, was well received in England; to this we answer, that an abhorrence of the slave trade, just indignation at the wrongs done the unhappy Africans, and pity for their sufferings, together with exultation at the triumph which the generous band who procured the abolition of that execrable trade obtained over its cruel sordid advocates, had filled the people of Great Britain with an enthusiasm calculated to ensure their favourable reception of any thing creditable to the Africans. And it is highly probable that Mr. Colman purposely took that tide in public opinion at the flood.

The play, however, must be delightful in the closet, and was cast so as to comprehend the whole strength of the company. Every part was decently sustained, others respectably, two excellently. For a proof of which we need offer nothing more than the single circumstance that none of the serious parts produced laughter as unexpected incongruities generally do. Had *black SELICO* been in the hands of some performers we have seen, instead of Mr. Wood's, two or three of his speeches must have produced merriment.

Mr. Cooper's second visit this season.

Mr. Cooper's performances during this visit received less reward and yet deserved more than those on his former. Of five characters there were four on which criticism can dwell with pleasure.

Marc Antony in *Julius Cæsar*,
Alexander in *the Rival Queens*,
Orsino in *Alfonso*,
Pierre in *Venice Preserved*.

Mr. Cooper's Antony was, as usual, a chequer work of good and bad: one beauty there was, however, which would atone for a thousand faults. We have never seen any

thing in histrionic excellence to surpass, few to equal it. We mean when, in the first scene of the third act, after the assassination of Cæsar, he returned to the senate house, and, dropping on one knee, hung over the mangled body: his attitude surpassed all powers of description. Then when after gazing for a time in horror at the corse, with his hands clasped in speechless agony, he looked to heaven, as if appealing to its justice, and again turning to his murdered friend, exclaimed—

O mighty Cæsar!—Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.

All the conflicting passions, and excruciating feelings which Antony can be supposed to have felt on that awful occasion—astonishment, fear, suspicion, grief, tender affection, indignation, and horror seem rising in tumultuous confusion in his face, and glared and flashed in his eyes. And though Mr. Cooper less than any actor of equal merit that we recollect affects the heart in pathetic passages, we only do him justice in declaring that we have rarely known the feelings of an audience so forcibly or successively appealed to, as by him in the last words: “Fare thee well.”

Through the whole of that scene Mr. Cooper was truly admirable. In the speech in which he shakes the conspirators by their bloody hands, and, like a consummate, artful politician, postpones the indulgence of his grief and indignation for the accomplishment of a higher purpose, he was not excelled by Barry himself. But in the harangue from the Rostrum he missed the mark by aiming too high. Could he forget that that celebrated speech is considered the chief test of the performer of Antony, he would, we think, deliver it well; but, intent upon making the most of it, he failed, and was laboriously erroneous and defective.

In the last speech beginning “This was the noblest Roman of them all” Mr. Cooper was censurable. If he had ever committed it to memory, he had now forgotten it, and

omitting the very best lines, destroyed the whole effect of that beautiful passage. That he should be so negligent is to be deplored. For errors in judgment, deficiency in talents and powers, nay, for casual lapses themselves, candor will make allowance—but want of diligence admits of no excuse or palliation.

—
ALEXANDER.

In this character Mr. Cooper would extort commendation from the most churlish critic. Alexander is a compound of Hero and Lover, and in both extravagant and enthusiastic almost to madness. It is in the former of these Mr. C. chiefly displayed his powers. His voice, his person, and his manner qualified him for an impressive delineation of that portion of the character—but as a lover Mr. Cooper only serves to remind us with disadvantage to him, of actors we have seen before. In the proud and boastful exultation, the starts of anger, the quick resentment, and ardent friendship, the sudden alternation of storm and calm, and, in a word, the medley of eccentric vices and virtues which compose this gigantic offspring of Lee's bright but fevered brain, the severest criticism must concur with the public opinion, which ranks Mr. Cooper's Alexander high among the first specimens of the art exhibited in the English language. Adverting to the first scene of the second act, when irritated by Lysimachus demanding the princess Parisatis in marriage ; in the swell of passion from the mild rebuke,

Lysimachus, no more—it is not well ;
My word you know, was to Hephestion given,

up to the storm of rage

“ My slave, whom I
“ Could tread to clay, dares utter bloody threats.”

The climax of temper was in every transition marked by Mr. Cooper with a natural propriety which, though a vigorous and accurate critical judgment might suggest, nothing but a high

dramatic genius, seconded by correspondent organs, could possibly have executed.

Several steps higher still in merit criticism must place the whole of the banquet scene. The intoxicated vanity of Alexander—his soft and puerile susceptibility of gross and fulsome adulation, his idle contest with the blunt old Clytus, his fury and cruel murder of that brave old soldier, and his outrageous grief and self reproach for that murder, in all of which the fiery brain of the poet has urged the passions to the utmost verge of nature, Mr. Cooper was all for which the most sanguine admirer could wish, or a reasonable critic hope. But as, in the best drawn portraits, one or more limbs or features will be found superior to the rest, so in this scene of aggregate excellence, there were three successive speeches of such preeminent excellence and superiority that they ought to be commemorated. They all turn upon the provoking insinuation of Clytus :

Philip fought men—but Alexander women.

In the jealousy, the astonishment, the wrath of the insulted hero, the expression of the actor kept equal flight with the bold wing of the poet. Accustomed as we have been to the prodigious exertions of the greatest actors in the world we have not witnessed nor can we conceive any thing superior to Mr. Cooper in the following speeches—

Alex. Envy by the gods !

Is then my glory come to this at last,
To conquer *women* !—Nay, he said the stoutest
Here would tremble at the dangers he had seen !
In all the sickness, all the wounds I bore,
When from my reins the Javelin's head was cut,
Lysimachus ! Hephestion ! speak Perdicas !
Did I once tremble ? Oh, the cursed falsehood !
Did I once shake or groan, or act beneath
The dauntless resolution of a king ?

Lysim. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis mere malice.

I was a *woman* too at Oxydrace,

When planting on the walls a scaling ladder ;
 I mounted spite of showers of stones, bars, arrows,
 And all the lumber which they thunder'd down.
 When you beneath cry'd and out spread your arms,
 That I should leap among you—did I so ?

Lysim. Dread sir, the old man knows not what he says.

Alex. Was I *woman* when like Mercury,
 I leaped the walls and flew amidst the foe,
 And like a baited Lion dyed myself
 All over in the blood of those bold hunters ;
 'Till spent with toil I battled on my knees,
 Plucked forth the darts that made my shield a forest,
 And hurl'd them back with the most unconquer'd fury,
 Then shining in my arms, I sunned the field,
 Moved, spoke and fought, and was myself a war.

Clytus. 'Twas all Bravado ; for, before you leap'd
 You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.

Never was a crisis in human passion, more naturally, more appropriately, more exquisitely marked and illustrated by action than that of Alexander at this juncture by the action of Mr. Cooper. He leaped like a foaming tyger from the throne, and, with his arms extended and his fingers crooked, seemed rushing upon Clytus as if to tear him in pieces. Then, stopping short, as if forbearing a prey too weak for him, he in breathless rage exclaimed—

Oh, that thou wert but once more young !
 That I might strike thee to the earth
 For this audacious lie, thou feeble dotard.

After this scene we could relish nothing in the play. We endeavoured to disengage ourselves sufficiently to attend to the sequel—but all seemed frigid and uninteresting till the mad dying scene of Alexander again furnished Mr. Cooper with an opportunity to give scope to his talents, which he did, so successfully, that if we had not been filled with the former scene it is likely that we should have pronounced this his *chef a'œuvre*.

As we mean to be full upon the tragedy of ALFONSO, we postpone our further observations on Mr. Cooper to the next number.

MR. DWYER.

The fame of this young actor reached America before him. Those who are in the habit of perusing the critical productions of London or Edinburgh, had learned from them that he was a performer of considerable merit in a particular department, and of great promise as a general actor. The most favourable reports of the British publications were amply confirmed by American gentlemen who saw him perform in Europe ; and the acknowledged taste and judgment of a respectable literary character at New-York, who engaged Mr. Dwyer for the manager of that theatre, would have been of itself a sufficient warranty for the most sanguine presumptions in his favour. Accordingly he was received by the New-York audience for some nights with enthusiastic applause, and on the ground of the reports of that city, the play-loving folks of this wound their minds up to a strained pitch of expectation. In consequence of this, Mr. Warren, who never fails to make use of every opportunity that arises to gratify his audience, proceeded to New-York for the purpose of engaging Mr. Dwyer for a few nights, if his merits should be found to correspond with the general reports respecting him. Mr. Warren's own judgment confirmed those reports, and he engaged Mr. Dwyer upon terms which do honour to the liberality of his heart, and to his spirit as a manager.

Mr. Dwyer's performances here have answered the expectations we had built upon the various criticisms we had read, and the verbal communications we had received upon the subject of his professional talents. We conjectured that his acting might not entirely, or all at once, accord with that kind of taste which the actors we have been accustomed to naturally generated in the multitude. His performance of BELCOUR was as new to our audience as the chaste and natu-

ral acting of Garrick was on *his* first appearance to the admirers of Booth and Quin, and for some time our audience could scarcely admire it. In some few instances, indeed, a positive disrelish for it was openly avowed, and we could not help feeling that those opinions were entitled to particular respect as they could have come only by *inspiration*. Being uttered before it was possible for the propounders to have formed a judgment by mere human means upon that gentleman's merits. This we can aver, that he had spoken only four lines, according to the letter press of the copy now before us, when some person on one side of us remarked that he was nothing to Mr. Chalmers, and in four lines more, another person on the other side laid him down under another actor—but one, indeed of a very superior kind to Mr. Chalmers.

As we have no pretensions to that kind of *inspiration*—that critical second sight (as the Highland Scotch call it) but are fain to judge by the mere humdrum human means of reason and experience, we felt it to be our duty to see the character entirely performed by Mr. Dwyer before we ventured to form an opinion on his acting it; and we are free to confess that if all critics find it as difficult as we do to estimate the value of an actor's performance, and are honestly disposed, they will not only wait as we always do till the whole evidence is before them, but weigh it scrupulously, without affection, prejudice, or malice, before they venture to pass sentence.

Now it so happened that we differed essentially from those *inspired* ones. We thought, as most critics who have seen him in England do, that Mr. Dwyer's Belcour was a most elegant and accomplished specimen of genteel acting—chaste, graceful, and where the character required and admitted it, interesting and impressive. And we had the satisfaction to perceive as the play advanced the audience conformed more and more to the same opinion. It is greatly to Mr. Dwyer's credit that all the applause he received, was extorted by his own merit, and drawn like drops of blood reluctantly distilled from languid hearts.

In *Tangent* a character in which broader humour afforded him an opportunity of coming nearer to the genteel taste. Mr. Dwyer met with a superior reception at first, and before the end of the play drew the most unequivocal acknowledgments of his supreme comic powers.

In the character of *Ranger*, (*Suspicious Husband*) though he was wretchedly supported by the performers of every character, save *Strictland* and *Tester*, he was no less successful.

In *Vapid* he was truly excellent and delivered the epilogue with a force and humour which merited and indeed received three successive rounds of applause after the curtain dropped.

The English critics concur in pronouncing Mr. Dwyer's the best *WILDING* (*Lyar*) on the British boards. Nor will an enlightened critic, provided he be honest as well as enlightened, deny his great superiority in that part. Having seen *Lewis*, *Palmer*, *I. Bannister*, and several others, perform young *Wilding*, we have no hesitation to declare that in many parts of the character, but particularly in his account of the feigned marriage with *Miss Lydia Sibthorpe*, and the adventure of the closet and the cat, he was superior to any actor but the great original and the author of the piece, *SAM FOOTE*.

Of his *Rapid* we are unable to say any thing, having been detained from the theatre by business to a late hour. His *Sir Charles Racket*, which followed it, was, like *Belcour*, an elegant specimen of high genteel comedy. Something went wrong however towards the conclusion of the piece which occasioned it to end rather abruptly.

Upon the whole we must in justice say, that Mr. Dwyer, so far as we have seen him go, has shown uncommon talents for the stage—that he is an acquisition to the American boards, such as we had not dared to hope for, and that we trust next season will bring him back, and exhibit him in a range of characters more varied and extensive, and better calculated to call forth the great natural powers of which he seems to be amply possessed.

Grand Musical Performances.

IN no country in the world is the practice of music more universally extended and at the same time the science so little understood as in America. Almost every house included between the Delaware and Schuylkill has its piano or harpsichord, its violin, its flute, or its clarinet. Almost every young lady and gentleman from the children of the Judge, the banker, and the general, down to those of the constable, the huckster, and the drummer, can make a noise upon some instrument or other, and charm their friends, or split the ears of their neighbours, with something which courtesy calls music. Europeans, as they walk our streets, are often surprised with the flute rudely warbling "Hail Columbia," from an oyster cellar, or the *piano forte* thumped to a female voice screaming "O Lady Fair!" from behind a heap of cheese, a basket of eggs, a flour barrel, or a puncheon of apple whiskey; and on these grounds we take it for granted that we are a very musical people.

When Boswell asked Dr. Johnson if he did not think there was a great deal of learning in Scotland, "Learning," replied the philosopher, "is in Scotland as food in a town besieged; every one has a mouthfull, but no one a belly-full." The same may be said of music in America. The summit of attainment in that delightful science seldom reaching higher than the accompanying of a song so as to set off a tolerable voice, or aid a weak one, and the attracting a circle of beaus round a young lady, while she exhibits the nimbleness of her fingers in the execution of a darling waltz, or touches the hearts of the fond youths with a plaintive melody accompanied with false notes. Thus far, or but little further, does music extend, save in a few scattered instances. Like a plover-call, it is used to allure the fluttering tribe into the meshes; but when it has done its office in that kind, is laid aside for ever. POPE SEXTUS QUINTUS, when he was a cardinal, hung up a net in his room, to demonstrate his humility, his father having been a fisherman; but as soon as he was made

pope, he pulled it down again, shrewdly saying, "I have caught the fish." Miss Hannah More remarks that few ladies attend to music after marriage, however skilful they may have been before it. Indeed nothing is more common than to hear a lady acknowledge it. "Mrs. Racket will you do us the favour," &c. says a dapper young gentleman offering his hand to lead a lady to the piano. "Do excuse me, sir, I beg of you," she replies, "I have not touched an instrument of music half a dozen times since I was married—one, you know, has so much to do." Thus music as a science lags in the rear, while musical instruments in myriads twang away in the van: and thus the window cobweb having caught its flies for the season is swept away by the housemaid.

This is, in fact, an evil. It is assuming the frivolity, the waste of time, the coxcombry, and all the disadvantages of music, without any of its substantial benefits. That which Shakspeare praised, and Milton cultivated, and which is supposed to be the language of saints and angels when they hymn their Maker's praise, ought to be a nation's care: but then it ought to be so only on proper grounds and in the true ethereal spirit which fits it for divine. Not the miserable or the vicious levities of music, which serve but to unman the soul, to wake the dormant sensualities of the heart, and far from lifting the spirit to the skies, but sink it to the centre. Not what Shakspeare calls "the lascivious pleasing of a lute" for fools "to caper to in a lady's chamber," but harmony, such as befits the creature to pour forth at the altar of the Creator; the sublime raptures of Handel; the divine strains of Haydn, and the majestic compositions of Purcel, Pergolesse, and Graun.

We have been led into these observations by a report which has for some days prevailed, that a grand performance of music, such as we describe, something on the plan of the commemoration of Handel, which took place in the year 1784, at Westminster Abbey, and much superior to any thing ever heard in America, is contemplated. Upon inquiry we find the report to be true, and that a combination of

musical powers hitherto unknown in this country, will, at St. Augustine Church, perform a Grand Selection of Sacred Music, after the manner of the oratorios in Europe.

Having made it our business to procure the best information upon this subject, we are enabled to state that the pieces to be performed on this occasion will be selected from the very highest order of musical composition—the Messiah of Handel, the Creation of Haydn, &c. That besides those, a number of the choicest compositions vocal and instrumental, by Handel, Graun, Pergolesse, &c. will be performed, and that, in order to make the exhibition as perfect as possible, every attainable assistance will be brought in to give magnificence to the performances and “swell the note of praise.”

On this grand occasion, not only all the professional musicians of this city will unite, but all who can be collected from the other States will be summoned to lend their aid, in addition to which a number of ladies and gentlemen, amateurs, will give their assistance.

A plan so well worthy of an enlightened nation's patronage, cannot fail of success in such a country as America.

ALFONSO,

KING OF CASTILE:

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

For us and for our Tragedy,
Thus stooping to your clemency,
We beg your *candid* hearing patiently.

Hamlet.

PHILADELPHIA :

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ALFONSO, KING OF CASTILE :

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Alfonso XI.	Henriquez.	Marcos.
Orsino.	Melchior.	Lucio.
Cæsario.	Ricardo.	First Citizen.
Father Bazil.	Gomez.	Second Citizen.

Friars, Soldiers, Citizens, Conspirators, &c.

Amelrossa. Ottilia. Estella. Inis.

Nuns, and Female attendants on Amelrosa.

The scene lies in Burgos (the capital of Old Castile) and in the adjoining Forest.

The Action is supposed to pass in the year 1345.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The palace-garden.—Daybreak.
Ottilia enters in a night dress : her hair flows dishevelled.

Otti. Dews of the morn, descend ! Breathe, summer gales,
My flushed cheeks woo ye ! Play, sweet wantons, play
Mid my loose tresses, fan my panting breast,
Quench my blood's burning fever !—Vain, vain prayer !
Not Winter, throned 'midst Alpine snows, whose will
Can with one breath, one touch, congeal whole realms,
And blanch whole sens ; not that fiend's self could ease
This heart, this gulph of flames, this purple kingdom,
Where passion rules and rages !—Oh ! my soul ! Cæsario, my Cæsario !—[A pause, during which she seems buried in thought—the clock strikes four.]

Hark !—Ah me ! Is't still so early ? Will't be still so long,
Ere my love comes ? Oh ! speed, ye pitying hours,
Your flight, till mid-day brings Cæsario back ; Then, if ye list, rest your kind wings for ever !

Enter Lucio.

Luc. 'Tis past the hour ! I fear I shall be chid, For lo ! the sun already darts his rays
Athwart the garden-paths.

Otti. How still ! how tranquil ! All rests, except Ottilia ! I'll regain The hateful couch, where still my husband sleeps : Ere long he sleeps forever ! Ha ! why steals Yon boy.—Amazement ! Do my eyes deceive me ?

Luc. Hist ! hist ! Estella ?

Estella. [Appearing on the terrace of the palace.]

Est. Lucio ?

Luc. Ay, the same.

Est. Good ! good !

Luc. But pray you bid him speed. So loud His black Arabian snorts, and paws the earth, I fear he'll wake the guards.

Est. Farewell, I'll warn him. [Exit. severally.

Otti. [Alone.] 'Twas Lucio, sure !—What business.—Ah, how ready Is fear to whisper what love hates to hear.

[Estella and Cæsario appear on the terrace.] See ! see ! again Estella comes—and with her—Shame and despair ! burst from your sockets eyes,

Since ye dare show me this !—'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! Cæsario ! on my soul, Cæsario's self— He bids farewell !—He waves a glittering scarf,

A gift of love, no doubt !—Now to his lips He glues it !—Blistered be those lips, Cæsario, Which have so oft sworn faith to me :—She goes—

Egyptian plagues go with her ! [Exit Estella. Cæsa. [Looking back at the palace.] Yet one look,

One grateful blessing for this night of rapture ; Then, shrine of my soul's idol ! casket, holding My heart's most precious gem, awhile farewell ! But, when my foot next bends thy floors, expect No more this cautious gait, this voice subdued ! Proud and erect, with manly steps and strong, I'll come a Conqueror and a King, to lead With sceptred hand forth from her bower my bride,

And bid Castile adore her, like Cæsario.

Farewell, once more farewell !

Otti. [Advancing.] I'll cross his path,

And blast him with a look.

Cæsa. Ottilia ?

Otti. What ?

Am I then grown so hideous that my sight Withers the roses on a warrior's cheeks, And makes his steps recoil ! In Moorish battles He gazed undaunted on death's frightful form, But shrinks to view a monster like Ottilia.

Cæsa. [Aside.] Confusion ! Should her rage alarm the guards.

Otti. Or do I wrong myself ? Is still my form Unchanged, but not thy faith ? Speak, traitor, speak !

Cæsa. I own, most dear Ottilia—

Otti. Hark ! he owns it !

Hear, Earth and Heaven, he owns it ! No excuse !

No varnish, no disguise !—He will not stoop To use dissembling with a wretch he scorns, Nor thinks it worth his pains to fool me further ! Proceed, brave sir, proceed ! In trivial strain Tell me how light are lovers' oaths, how fond Youth's heart of change, how quick love comes and flies ;

And own that yours for me is flown for ever.

Then with indifference ask a parting kiss, Hope we shall still be friends, profess esteem, Thank me for favours past, and coldly leave me.

Cæsa. How shall I hush this storm ? [Aside.]

Otti. Oh ! fool, fool, fool !

I thought him absent ; thought mid-day would bring

My hero back, and pass'd this sleepless night In prayers, and sighs, and vows for his return ; While scorned all oaths, forgot all faith, all honour.

Clasped in Estella's wanton arms he lay, And mock'd the poor, undone, deceiv'd Ottilia !

Cæsa. Estella ! [then aside] Blest mistake !

Otti. What ! didst thou hope
My rival's name unknown ? Oh ! well I know it,
Estella ! cursed Estella ! Still I'll shriek it
Piercing and loud, till Earth and Air, and Ocean,
Ring with her name, thy guilt, and my despair.
Cæsa. And need thy words, Ottilia, blame my
falsehood ?
Oh ! in each feature of thy beauteous face
I blush to read reproaches far more keen.
Those glittering eyes, though now with light-
nings armed,
Which erst were used to pour on blest Cæsario
Kind looks, and fondest smiles, and tears of rap-
ture ;
That voicee, by wrath untuned, once only breath-
ing
Sounds like the ringdove's, amorous, soft, and
sweet ;
That snowy breast, now swelled by storms of
passion,
But which in happier days by love was heaved,
By love for me !—The least of these, Ottilia,
Gives to my heart a deeper stab than all
Thy words could do, were every word a dagger.
Otti. Thou prince of hypocrites !
Cæsa. Think'st thou I flatter ?
Then trust thyself—*[leading her to a fountain.]*
View on this watery mirror
Thine angel-form reflected—Lovely shade,
Bid this indignant fair confess, how vain
Estella's charms were to contend with thine !
And yet—oh madman ! at Estella's feet
Breathing my vows, these eyes forgot these lips,
Than roses sweeter, redder—Oh ! I'll gaze
No more, for gazing I detest myself,
Otti. This subtile snake, how winds he round
my heart !
Oh didst thou speak sincerely.
Cæsa. At thy feet,
Adored Ottilia ! lo ! I kneel repentant.
Couldst thou forgive—Vain man, it must not
be.
Forgive the fool, who for a lamp's dull gleaming
Scorn'd the sun's noon-tide splendour ? for a
pebble
Who gave a diamond worth a monarch's ransom ?
No, no, thou canst not.
Otti. Cannot ? Oh Cæsario,
Thou lov'st no longer, or thou ne'er couldst
doubt
I can, I must forgive thee !—*[falling on his
bosom.]*
Cæsa. Best Ottilia,
No seraph's song e'er bore a sweeter sound
Breaded in the ear of some expiring saint,
Than pardon from thy lips.
Otti. Those lips again
Thus seal it !—Yet to prove thy faith, I ask—
Cæsa. What can Ottilia ask, and I deny ?
Otti. The scarf you wear.—
Cæsa. *[starting.]* Ottilia !
Otti. Well I know
It was Estella's gift. I'll therefore wear it,
And with her jealous pangs repay my own.
Give me that scarf.
Cæsa. And can Ottilia wish
So mean a triumph ?
Otti. Ha ! beware, Cæsario !
My foot is on thy neck, and should I find
Thy head a snake's I'll crush it ! quick ! the
scarf !
Am I refused ?
Cæsa. Ottilia, be persuaded.
More nobly use thy power.
Otti. *[Suffocated with rage.]* The scarf ! the
scarf !
Cæsa. I value not the toy, nor her who gave it.
Then wherefore triumph o'er a fallen foe ?
It must not be—Hark ! footsteps !—Sweet, fare-
well !
Ere night we meet again.—*[Going.]*
Otti. Yes, go, perfidious !

But know, ere night, thy head shall grace the
scaffold !
Cæsa. *[Returning.]* Saidst thou—
Otti. Last night my husband's dreams reveal-
ed
A secret.
Cæsa. *[Starting.]* How ? thy husband ? Mar-
quis Guzman ?
Otti. He spoke of plots—of soldiers bri'b'd—
*[looking round mysteriously, and pointing to the
lower part of the palace.]*
Of vaults
Beneath the royal chamber—Wherefore tell I
To thee a tale thou know'st thyself full well ?
I'll tell it to the king—*[Going.]*
Cæsa. Ottilia, stay !
Otti. The scarf.
Cæsa. *[Giving it.]* 'Tis thine !—My life is in
thy hands.
Be secret, and I live thy slave forever. *[Exit.]*
Otti. *[Alone.]* 'Tis plain ! 'tis plain ! traitor,
thou lov'st her still !
Am I forsaken then ? Oh shame, shame, shame !
Forsaken too by one, for whom last night
I dared a deed which—Ha ! the palace opens,
And lo ! Estella with the princess comes.
I'll hence, but soon returning make my rival
Feel what I suffer now. Thus fell Megæra ;
Tears from her heart one of those snakes which
gnaw it,
To throw upon some wretch ; and when it stings
him,
Wild laughs the fiend to see his pangs, well know-
ing
How keen those pangs are, since she feels the
same.
Exit.
Amelrosa, Estella, Inis, and ladies, appear on the
terrace of the palace.
Amel. Forth, forth my friends ! the morn will
blush to hear
Our tardy greeting *[descending.]* Gently, winds,
I pray ye,
Breathe through this grove ; and thou, all-radi-
ant sun,
Woo not these bowers beloved with kiss too
fierce.
Oh ! look, my ladies, how yon beauteous rose,
O'er charged with dew, bends its fair head to
earth,
Emblem of sorrowing virtue ! *[to Inis]* would'st
thou break it ?
See'st not its silken leaves are stain'd with tears ?
Ever, my Inis, where thou find'st these traces,
Show thou most kindness, most respect. I'll
raise it,
And bind it gently to its neighbour rose ;
So shall it live, and still its blushing bosom
Yield the wild bee, its little love, repose.
Inis. Its love ? Can flowers then love ?
Amel. Oh ! what cannot ?
There's nothing lives, in air, on earth, in ocean,
But lives to love ! for when the Great Un-
known
Parted the elements, and out of chaos
Formed this fair world with one blest blessing
word,
That word was Love ? Angels, with golden clari-
ons,
Prolonged in heavenly strain the heavenly
sound :
The mountain-echoes caught it : the four winds
Spread it, rejoicing o'er the world of waters ;
And since that hour, in forest, or by fountain,
On hill or moor, whate'er be Nature's song,
Love is her theme, Love ! universal Love !
Est. See, lady where the king—
Amel. I haste to meet him.
Enter Alfonso, and attendants.
Amel. *[Kneeling.]* My father ! my dear father !
Alfon. Heaven's best dews
Fall on thy beauteous head, my Amelrosa,

And be each drop a blessing!—Cheered by morning
 Fair smile the skies; but nothing smiles on me,
 Till I have seen thee well, and know thee happy.
Amel. And I were happy, if my eyes perceived
 not
 Tears clouding thine. Oh! what has power to grieve thee
 On this proud day, when rich in spoils and glory
 Cesario brings thee back thy conquering troops,
 That brave young warrior? Spite of Moorish hosts,
 And all their new-found engines of destruction,
 Sulphureous mines and mouths of iron thunder,
 He forced their gates! He leap'd their flaming gulphs!
 Pale as their banner'd crescent fled the Moors,
 And proudly stream'd our flag o'er Algesiras!
Alfon. And with them fled—Oh! have I words to speak it?
 Thy brother, Amelrosa!
Amel. How! my brother?
Alfon. Oh! 'tis too true. He thinks I live too long,
 So joined the Moors to hurl me from my throne,
 Guided their councils, sharpened their resentment,
 And, when they fled, fled with them.
Amel. Powers of mercy!
 Can there be hearts so black?
Alfon. Poor wretched man,
 Where shall I turn me? where, since lust of power
 Makes a son faithless, find a friend that's true?
 Where fly for comfort?
Amel. To this heart, my father!
 This heart, which, while it throbs, shall throb to love thee.
 Stream thy dear eyes? my hand shall dry those tears;
 Aches thy poor head? My bosom shall support it!
 And when thou sleep'st, I'll watch thy dreams, and pray—
 "Changed be to joy the sorrow which afflicts
 "My king, my father, my soul's best friend!"—
Alfon. My child! my comfort!—Yes, yes!
 here's the chain,
 The only chain that binds me to existence—
 And should that break too—should'st thou e'er deceive me—
 Oh! should'st thou, Amelrosa.
Amel. Doubts my father?
Alfon. No, no!—Nay, droop not. By my soul, I think thee
 As free from guile, as yon blue vault from clouds,
 And clear as rain-drops ere they touch the earth!
 Nor love I mean suspicion:—where I give
 My heart I give my faith, my whole firm faith,
 And hold it base to doubt the thing I value.
Amel. Then why that wronging thought?
Alfon. By fear 'twas prompted;
 By fear to lose, but not by doubt to keep.
 And well my heart may fear. Think, think how keenly
 Ingratitude has wrung that trusting heart!
 Think that my faithless son but rends anew
 A wound searce fourteen years had healed.
Amel. Orsino.
Alfon. He! he! that man—Oh! how I loved that man!
 And yet that man betrayed me!
Amel. Is that certain?
 Might not deception? Slander loves the court,
 And slippery are the heights of royal favour.
 Who stumbles, falls; who falls, finds none to raise him.
Alfon. Nay, but I saw the writings; 'twas his hand,
 His very hand, nor dared he disavow it:

For when I taxed him with his guilt, and showed him
 His letters to the Moor, awhile he eyed me
 In sullen silence, then contemptuous smiled,
 And coldly bade me treat him as I list.
 Arraigned, no plea excused his dark offence;
 Condemned to die, no word implored for pardon:
 But my heart pleaded stronger than all words!
 I saved his life, yet bade him live a prisoner
 Or clear himself from guilt.
Amel. And did he never—
Alfon. Without one word or look, one tear or sigh,
 He turned away, and silent sought the dungeon
 Where three years since he died—Ah! said I, died?
 No, no, he lives! lives in my memory still,
 Such as in youth's fond dreams my fancy formed him,
 Virtuous and brave, faithful, sincere and just;
 My friend? my guide?—a Phoenix among men!
 How now? What haste brings fair Ottilia hither?
Ottilia, wearing the scarf.
 Pardon, my sovereign, that uncalled I come
 You see a suppliant from a dying man.
Alfon. Lady, from whom?
Otti. My husband, Marquis Guzman,
 Lies on the bed of death, and, stung by conscience,
 By me unloads it of this secret guilt!
 Those traitor-scrolls, which bore Orsino's name—
Alfon. Say on, say on!
Otti. By Guzman's hand were forged.
Alfon. Forged?—No, no, no! Lady, it cannot be!
 Unsay thy words or stab me!
Otti. Gracious Sir,
 Look on these papers.
Alfon. Ha!
 [After looking at them, drops them, and clasps his hands in agony.]
Amel. Father! dear father!
Alfon. Father! I merit not that name, nor any Sweet, good, or gracious. Call me villain! fiend!
 Suspicious tyrant! treacherous, calm assassin! Who slew the truest, noblest friend, that ever Man's heart was blest with!—Ha! why kneels my child?
Amel. For pardon first that I have dar'd deceive thee—
Alfon. Deceive me!
Amel. Next to pay pure thanks to Heaven, Which grants me to allay my father's anguish With words of most sweet comfort.
Alfon. Ha! what means't thou?
Amel. Four years are past since first Orsino's sorrows Struck on my startled ear: that sound once heard, Ne'er left my ear again, but day and night, Whether I walked or sate, awake or sleeping, The captive, the poor captive still was there. The rain seemed but his tears; his hopeless groans Spoke in each hollow wind; his nights of anguish Robbed mine of rest; or, if I slept, my dreams Showed his pale wasted form, his beamless eye Fixed on the moon, his meager hands now folded In dull despair, now rending his few locks Untimely gray; and now again in frenzy Dreadful he shrieked; tore with his teeth his flesh; 'Gainst his dark prison-walls dashed out his brains, And died despairing! From my couch I started Sunk upon my knees; I kissed this cross,— "Captive," I cried, "I'll die or set the free!"—
Alfon. And didst thou? Bless thee, didst thou
Amel. Moved by gold,

More by my prayers, most by his own heart's pity,
His jailer yielded to release Orsino,
And spread his death's report.—One night when all
Was hushed, I sought his tower, unlocked his chains,
And bade him rise and fly! With vacant stare,
Bewildered, wondering, doubting what he heard,
He followed to the gate. But when he viewed
The sky thick sown with stars, and drank heaven's air,
And heard the nightingale and saw the moon
Shed o'er these groves a shower of silver light,
Hope thawed his frozen heart; in livelier current
Flowed his grief-thickened blood, his proud soul melted,
And down his furrowed cheeks kind tears came stealing,
Sad, sweet, and gentle as the dews, which evening
Sheds o'er expiring day. Words had he none,
But with his looks he thanked me. At my feet
He sunk; he wrung my hand; his pale lips pressed it?
He sighed, he rose, he fled; he lives, my father!
Alfon. [Kneeling.] Fountain of bliss! words are too poor for thanks;
Oh! deign to read them here!
Amel. Canst thou forgive
My long deceit—
Alfon. Forgive thee? To my heart
Thus let me clasp thee, best of earthly blessings,
Balm of my soul, and saviour of my justice!
Oh! blest were kings, when fraud ensnares their sense,
And passion arms their hands, if still they found
One who like thee dared stand the victim's friend,
Wrest from proud lawless Power his brandished javelin,
And make him virtuous in his own despite!
Enter Ricardo.
Ricar. My liege, your conquering general brave Cæsario,
Draws near the walls.
Alfon. I hasten to receive
The hero and his troops: that duty done,
I'll seek my wronged friend's pardon. Say my child,
Where dwells Orsino?
Amel. In the neighbouring forest
He lives a hermit: Inis knows the place.
Alfon. Ere night I'll seek him there. And now farewell
Ever beloved, but now more loved than ever!
Oh! still as now watch o'er and timely check
My hasty nature; still, their guardian-angel,
Protect my people, e'en from me protect them:
Then, after ages, pondering o'er the page
Which bears my name, shall see, and seen shall bless
That union most beloved of man and heaven,
A patriot monarch, and a people free!
[Exit with Ricardo and attendants.]
Amel. My good kind father! fatal, fatal, secret,
How weigh'st thou down my heart! [Remains buried in thought.]
Otti. I'll haste and calm
My husband's conscience with Orsino's safety.
But when our Spanish beauties throng the ramparts,
Anxious to see, and anxious to be seen,
Why stays Estella from the walls?
Estel. Both duty
And friendship chain me where the princess stays.
Otti. Duty and friendship? trust me, glorious words;—
Yet there's a sweeter—Love! Boasts the gay band,

Which circles brave Cæsario's laurelled car!
No youth who proudly wears Estella's colours,
And knows no glory like Estella's smile?
Estel. Ha! Sure my sight must err?
Otti. [Aside.] She sees and knows it!
Estel. It must be that!—Princess!
Otti. [Aside] So so! now flies she
To her she—Pylades for aid and comfort.
Oh most rare sympathy! How the fiend starts!
And, trust me, changes colour!
Amel. Say'st thou how?
Away, it cannot be!
Estel. Convince thyself then.
Otti. [Aside] Ay, look your fill! look till your eye-strings break.
For 'tis that scarf; that very, very scarf!—
So now the question comes.
Estel. Forgive me lady,
Nor hold me rude, that much I wish to know,
Whence came the scarf you wear?
Otti. This scarf—Alas!
A paltry toy! a very soldier's present.
Estel. A soldier's?
Otti. Ay. 'Twas sent me from the camp:
But with such bitter taunts on her who wrought it—
Breathed ever mortal man such thoughts of me,
My heart would break or his should bleed for it!
Estel. Say you?
Otti. Nay mark—"Receive, proud fair,"—thus ran the letter—
"This scarf, forced on me by a hand I loath,
With many an amorous word and tasteless kiss!
As I for thee, so burns for me the wanton;
To me as thine, cold is my heart to her;
Nor canst thou more despise the gift than I
Scorn the fond fool who gave it!"—
Amel. Oh! my heart!
Inis. Look to the Princess.
Otti. [Starting] Ha!
Estel. She faints!
Amel. No, no,
'Tis nothing—mid-day's heat—the o'er-powering sun—
I'll in and rest.
Otti. Princess, permit—
Amel. No lady!
I need no aid of thine—In, in, Estella.
Oh! cruel, false Cæsario!
[Exit with Estella, Inis, and Ladies]
Otti. [Alone] Ha! is't so?
And flies my falcon at so high a lure?
The princess! 'tis the princess that he loves!—
And shall I calmly see her bear away
This dear-bought prize, my secret crime's reward,
My lord, my love, my life, my all?—She dies!
[Exit.
End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in Cæsario's palace.*

[Shouts heard without.]

Enter Cæsario [a general's staff in his hand] followed by Henriquez, citizens and soldiers.

Casa. Thanks, worthy friends! No further! —Pleased I hear
These shouts, which thank me for Alfonso's safety!
But though my arms have quelled the Moors,
your love
Alone can shield him from a foe more dangerous,
From his proud rebel son!—Farewell, assured
I live but for your use!

First Citi. Long live Cæsario!
Sec. Citi. Long live the conqueror of the Moors!
All. Huzza!

[Exit.]

Manent Cæsario and Henriquez.

Cæsa. Kind friends, farewell!—Ay, shout, ye brawlers, shout!
Pour out unmeaning praise till the skies ring!
'Twill school your deep-toned throats to roar tomorrow,
—“Long live Cæsario! Sovereign of Castile!”—
Mark you, Henriquez, how the royal dotard Hung on my neck, termed me his kingdom's angel, His friend, his saviour, his—Oh! my tongue burned

To thunder in his startled ear—“The man Who raised this war, and fired your son's ambition,

Your daughter's husband, and your mortal foe, That man am I!”—

Hen. Then absence has not cooled, It seems, your hatred—

Cæsa. Could'st thou think it? thou, Who know'st a secret to all else unknown! Know'st me no stranger-youth, no chance-ad-

venturer, Whose sword's his fortune, as Castile believes me;

But one of mightiest views and proudest hopes, Galled by injustice, panting for revenge,

Son of a hero! wronged Orsino's son!

Hen. Yet might your wealth and power—yon general's staff—

Alfonso's countless favours—

Cæsa. Favours? Insults! Curses when proffered by a hand I hate! Bright seems ambition to my eye, and sure To reign is glorious; yet such fixed aversion I bear this man, and such my thirst for vengeance,

I would not sell his head, once in my power, Though the price tendered were the crown that decks it!

Yet that, too, shortly shall be mine!—Say, Marquis, How speeds our plot?

Hen. 'Tis ripe: beneath his chambers The vaults are ours, the sleeping fires disposed; The mine waits but your word.

Cæsa. Tonight it springs then, And hurls my toe in burning clouds to heaven— O! rapturous sight!

Hen. And can that sight give rapture Which wrings with anguish Amelrosa's bosom? She loves her father—

Cæsa. Loves she not her husband?

Hen. She'll hate him, when she knows—

Cæsa. She ne'er shall know it!

All shall be held her rebel brother's deed; And while contending passions shake the rabble, (Grief for the sire, resentment 'gainst the son; And pity for the princess) forth I'll step, Avow our marriage, claim the crown her right, And, when she mounts the throne, ascend it with her.

Hen. Oh! she will drown that bloody throne with tears!

And should she learn who bade them flow—

Cæsa. Say on—

Hen. She'll loath you!

Cæsa. [With a scornful smile] She'll forgive me.

Hen. Never, never!

I know the princess; know a daughter's love,

A daughter's grief—

Cæsa. And are not daughters women? By nature tender, trustful, kind, and fickle, Prone to forgive, and practised in forgetting? Let the fair things but rave their hour at ease, And weep their fill, and wring their pretty hands, Faint between whiles, and swear by every saint They'll never, never, never see you more! Then when the larum's hushed, profess repen-

tance, Say a few kind false words, drop a few tears, Force a fond kiss or two, and all's forgiven.

away! I know her sex!

Hen. But know not her!

Her heart will bleed; and can you wound that heart,

Yet swear you love her?

Cæsa. Dearly, fiercely love her; But not so fiercely as I loath this king!— Hatred of him, cherished from youth, is now My second nature! 'tis the air I breathe, The stream which fills my veins, my life's chief source,

My food, my drink, my sleep, warmth, health and vigour, Mixed with my blood, and twisted round my heart-strings!

To cease to hate him, I must cease to breathe!— Never to know one hour's repose or pleasure While loathed Alfonso lived,—such was my oath.

Breathed on my broken-hearted mother's lips. She heard! her eyes flashed with new fire; she kissed me, Murmured Orsino's name, blessed it and died!— That oath I'll keep!

Enter Melchior.

Cæsa. Melchior! why thus alarmed?

Mel. I've cause too good! our lives hang by a thread!

Guzman is dying.

Cæsa. and *Hen.* How?

Mel. Remorse already

Hath wrung one secret from him; and I fear, The next fit brings our plot.

Cæsa. Speed, speed, Henriquez!

Place spies around his gate! guard every avenue!

Mark every face that comes or goes—Away!

[Exit Henriquez.]

Cæsa. I'll watch the king myself!

Mel. As yet he's safe.

Soon as he parted from the troops, Alfonso, By Inis guided, tow'rds the forest sped, To seek and sooth his late-found friend Orsino.

Cæsa. [Starting] Whom, whom? Orsino? what

Orsino? speak.

Mel. The count San Lucar, long thought dead, but saved,

It seems, by Amelrosa's care—Time presses—

I must away: farewell.

Cæsa. At one, remember—

Beneath the royal tower—

Mel. Fear not my failing.

Cæsa. [Alone] He lives! My father lives!

Oh, let but vengeance

Fire him to spurn Alfonso and his friendship. His martial fame the memory of his virtues, His talents, rank, and sufferings undeserved—

Oh! what a noble column to support

My new-raised power!

Going.

Enter Ottilia. [Veiled.]

Otti. Cæsario, stay!

Cæsa. Forgive me,

Fair lady, if my speech appears ungentle;

Such business calls—

Otti. [Unveiling] Than mine there's none more urgent.

Cæsa. Ottilia!

Otti. Need I say what brings me hither?

Cæsa. Those angry eyes too plainly speak, that still

Estella

Otti. She? Dissembler! fiend?—Peace, peace; I come not here to rave, but to command.

You love the Princess; are beloved again—

Speak not! She saw this scarf; her tears, her anguish

Betrayed her secret. Yes, you love the Princess! But, while I breathe, if e'er her hand is yours,

Strike me dead, lightnings!

Cæsa. Hear me!

Otti. Look on this [showing a paper.]

Cæsa. 'Tis Guzman's hand.

Otti. He bade me to the king

Bear it with other papers; but my prudener,

For mine own purposes, kept back the scroll.
Lo ! here a full confession of your plots—
The mine described—the vault—the hour—the
signal—

What troops are gained—the list of sworn con-
federates—

And foremost in the list here stands Cæsario !

Cæsa. Confusion !

Otti. Nay, 'tis so ! Now mark me, youth !
Either mine hand at midnight as my husband's
Clasps thine, or gives this paper to Alfonso !
Prepare a friar—at Juan's chapel meet me
At midnight, or the king—

Cæsa. You rave, Ottilia !
While Guzman lives.
Otti. Young man, his hours are counted :
Three scarce are his—Last night I drugged the
bowl
In which he drank a farewell to the world.
Ay, ay, 'tis true ! thou'rt mine ! With blood
I've bought thee !

Nothing now parts us but the grave,—and there,
E'en there I'll claim thee !—If tonight thou
com'st not—

Cæsa. I will, by heaven !
Otti. Nay, fail at your own peril—
Your life is in my power ! my breath can blast
you !

Choose, then, Cæsario, 'twixt thy bane and
bliss—

Love or a grave ! a kingdom or a scaffold !

My arms or death's—By yonder sun I swear,

Ere morning dawns, thou shalt be mine or no-

thing !

Exit.

Cæsa. Is't so ?—Thy blood then on thy head—
This paper—

—This female fiend—the scarf too !—I must
straight

Appease the princess—some well-varnished tale

—Some glib excuse—Oh ! hateful task ! Oh,

Truth !

How my soul longs once more to join thy train,
Tear off the mask, and show me as I am !

The wretch for life immur'd; the Christian

slave

Of Pagan lords ; or he whose bloody sweat

Speeds the fleet galley o'er the sparkling

waves,

Bears easy toil, light chains, and pleasant bon-

dage,

Weighed with thy service, Falsehood ! Still to

smile

On those we loath ; to teach the lips a lesson

Smooth, sweet, and false ; to watch the tell-tale

eye,

Fashion each feature, sift each honest word

That swells upon the tongue, and fear to find

A traitor in one's self—By heaven, I know

No toil, no curse, no slavery, like dissembling !

Exit.

SCENE II. A wild forest, with rocks, water-
falls, &c. On one side a hermitage and a rus-
tic tomb, with various pieces of armour scatter-
ed near it, "Victoria" is engraved on it; a ri-
ver is in the back ground.

Orsino stands on a rock which overhangs the river.

Orsi. Yes thou art lovely World ! That blue-
robed sky ;

These giant rocks, their forms grotesque and aw-
ful

Reflected on the calm stream's lucid mirror ;
These reverend oaks, through which (their rust-
ling leaves

Dancing and twinkling in the sunbeams) light
Now gleams, now disappears, while yon fierce

torrent,

Tumbling from crag to crag with measured dash,
Makes to the ear strange music : World, oh !

World !

Who sees thee such must needs confess thee fair!
Who knows thee not must needs suppose thee
good.

[With a sudden burst of indignation]
But I have tried thee, World ! know all these

Mere shows and snares; know thee a gilded ser-

pent,
A flowery bank whose sweets smile o'er a pit-

fall ;
A splendid prison, precious tomb, fair palace,

Whose golden domes allure poor wanderers in,
And when they've entered, crush them ! Such I

know thee

And, knowing, loath thy charms Rise, rise, ye
storms !

Mingle ye elements ! Flash lightnings, flash !
Unmask this witch ! blast her pernicious beauty !
And show me Nature as she is, a monster !

—I'll look no more ! Oh ! my torn heart ! Victoria !
My son ! Oh God ! My son ! Lost ! lost ! both

lost !

[Leaning against the tomb.]

Enter Alfonso, Inis, and Attendants.

Inis. This is the hermit's cave ; and see, my

liege, Orsino's self.

Alfon. [Starting back.] No, no, that living

spectre

Is not my gallant friend. I seek in vain

The full cheek's healthful glow, the eye of fire,
The martial mein, proud gait, and limbs Hercu-

lean !

Oh ! is that deathlike form indeed Orsino ?

Orsi. Never to see them more ! never, no never !

Wife, child, joy, hope, all gone !

Alfon. That voice ! Oh ! Heaven,

Too well I know that voice !—How grief has

changed him !

I'll speak, yet dread—Retire [Inis, &c. with-
draw.] Look up Orsino.

Orsi. Discovered ?

[Seizing a lance which rests against the cavern,
and putting himself in a posture of defence]

Wretch, thy life—[Staggering back.] Strengthen

me, heaven !

'Tis he ? the king himself !

Alfon. [Offering to take his hand.]

Thy friend !

Orsi. [Recovering himself, and drawing back
his hand.]

Friend ! Friend !—

I've none !—[Coldly.]

Alfon. Orsino.

Orsi. Never had but one,

And he—! Sir, though a king, you'd shrink to

hear

How that friend used me !

Alfon. Hear me speak, in pity !

Orsi. What need of words ? I'm found, I'm in

your power,

And you may torture me e'en how you list.

Where are your chains ? these are the self-same

arms

Which bore them ten long years, nor doubt their

weighing

Heavy as ever ! These same eyes, which bathed

So oft with bitterest tears your dungeon-grate,

Have streams not yet exhausted ! and these lips

Can still with shrieks make the Black Tower re-

echo,

Which heard my voice so long in frantic anguish

Rave of my wife and child, and curse Alfonso !

Lead on, Sir ! I'm your prisoner !

Alfon. Not for worlds

Would I but harm one hair of thine !—Nay, hear

me !

And learn, most wronged Orsino, thy clear inno-

cence

Is now well known to all.

Orsi. Ay ? Nay, I care not

Who thinks me innocent ! I know myself so—

Was this your business, Sir ? 'Tis done ! Fare-

well.

Alfon. Oh ! part not from me thus ! I fain would say—

Orsi. What ?

Alfon. I have wronged thee !—

Orsi. [Sternly] True !

Alfon. Deeply, most deeply !

But wounding thine, hurt my own heart no less,
Where none has filled thy place : 'tis thine, still thine—

And if my court—

Orsi. What should I there ? No, no, Sir !
Sorrow has crazed my wits ; long cramped by fetters

My arm sinks powerless ; and my wasted limbs,
Palsied by dungeon-damps, would bend and totter

Beneath yon armour's weight, once borne so lightly ?

Then what should I at court ? I cannot head
Your troops, nor guide your councils ; leave me, leave me,

You cannot use me further !

Alfon. Oh ! I must,
And to a most dear service—my heart bleeds,
And needs a friend ! Be but that friend once more !

Be to me what thou wert, (and that was all things !)

Forgive my faults, forget thy injuries—

Orsi. [Passionately.] Never !

Alfon. That to Alfonse ? That to him whose friendship—

Orsi. Peace, peace ! You felt no friendship !
felt no flame,

Steady and strong !—Yours was a vain light vapour,

A boyish fancy, a caprice, a habit,
A bond you wearied of, and gladly seized
A lame pretext to break. Did not my heart
From earliest youth lie naked to your eyes ?

Knew you not every corner, nerve, turn, twist on't ?

And could you still suspect—? No, no ! You wished

To find me false, or must have known me true.

Alfon. You wrong me, on my life ! So fine, so skilful

The snare was spread—I knew not—

Orsi. Knew not ? Knew not ?

Thou knew'st I was Orsino ! Knowing that,
Thou should'st have known, I never could be guilty.

Alfon. Proofs seemed so strong—

Orsi. And had I none to prove

My innocence ? these deep-hewn scars received
While fighting in your cause, were these no proofs ?

Your life twice saved by me ! your very breath
My gift ! your crown oft rescued by my valour !
Were these no proofs ? My every word, thought, action,

My spotless life, my rank, my pride, my honour,
And, more than all, the love I ever bore thee,
Were these no proofs ?—Oh ! they had been conviction

In a friend's eyes, though they were none in thine !

Alfon. Your pride ? 'twas that undid me ! your reserve,

Your silence—

Orsi. What ! Should I have stooped to chase
Your brawling lawyers through their flaws and quibbles ?

To bear the sneers of saucy questioners—
Their jests, their lies—and, when they termed me villain,

Calmly to cry—"Good Sirs, I'm none!"—No, no : I heard myself called traitor—saw you calmly Hear me so called, nor strike the speaker dead ! Then why defend myself ? What hope was left me ?

Truth lost its value, since you thought me false !

Speech had been vain, since your heart spoke not for me.

Alfon. And it did speak—Spite of the law's decision,

My love preserved your life—

Orsi. Oh ! bounteous favour !

Oh ! vast munificence ! which, giving life, Robbed me of every gem which made life precious !

Where is my wife ? Distracted at my loss,
Sunk to her cold grave with a broken heart ?
Where is my son ? Or dead through want, or wandering
A friendless outcast ! Where that health, that vigour,
Those iron nerves, once mine ?—King, ask your dungeons !

Alfon. Oh ! spare me !

Orsi. Give me these again, wife, son,
Health, strength, and ten most precious years of manhood,

And I'll perhaps forgive thee : till then, never !

Alfon. What could I do ? thy son had been to me
Dear as my own, had not Victoria's pride,
Scorning all aid—

Orsi. 'Twas right !

Alfon. She fled, concealed
Herself and child—had it on me depended—

I cannot speak—My heart—Oh ! yet have

mercy,

Think I had other duties than a friend's—

Alas ! I was a king !

Orsi. And are one still—

Have still your wealth, and pomp, and pride, and power,

And herd of cringing courtiers—still have children—

I had but one, and him I lost through thee.

I, I have nothing ! You rude eave my palace,
These rocks my court, the wolf my fit companion—

Lost all life's blessings, wife, son, health ! Oh ! nothing

Is left me, save the right to hate that man

Who made me what I am !—And wouldst thou rob me

E'en of this last poor pleasure ? Go Sir ! go,
Regain your court; resume your pomp and splendour !

Drink deep of luxury's cup ! be gay, be flattered,
Pampered and proud, and, if thou canst, be happy.

I'll to my cave, and curse thee !

Alfon. Stay, Orsino !

If ever friendship warmed, or pity melted
Thy heart, I charge thee—

Orsi. Pity ? In thy dungeons,

Sir, I forgot the meaning of that word.
For ten long years no gentle accents soothed me,
No tears with mine were mixed—no bosom sighed

That anguish tortured mine ! King, king, thou know'st not,

How solitude makes the soul stern and savage !

Alfon. Yet were thy soul than adamantine rocks

More hard, these deep-drawn sighs—

Orsi. My wife's last groan
Rings in my ear, and drowns them.

Alfon. And these tears

Might touch thy heart—

Orsi. My heart is dead, King ! dead !

'Tis yonder buried in Victoria's Grave !

Alfon. Could prayers, unfeigned remorse, ceaseless affection,

And influence as my own unbounded—

Orsi. Hold !

I'll try thee, and make two demands ! But first,
Swear by all hopes of happiness hereafter,

And Heaven's best gift on earth, thine angel-daughter,

Whate'er I ask shall be fulfilled.

Alfon. I swear !

And Heaven so treat my prayers, as I shall thine.
Orsi. 'Tis well: now mark, and keep thine oath.
 My first
 Request is—Leave me instantly! my second,
 Ne'er let me see thee more.—Thou hast heard,
 begone! [Exit into the cave.]
Alfon. 'Tis well, proud man,—Alas! my heart's
 too humbled
 To chide e'en him who spurns it.
Inis. Nay my liege,
 Despair not—Sure the princess.
Alfon. Right, I'll seek her;
 To her he owes his freedom, and her prayers
 Shall win me back this dear obdurate heart
 Oh! did he know how sweet 'tis to forgive,
 And raise the wounded soul, which, crushed and
 humbled
 Sinks in the dust, and owns that it has erred:
 To quench all wrath, and cancel all offences,
 Sure he would need no motive but self love.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A garden.

Amel. [Alone] And are ye all then vanished,
 sylphs of bliss?
 All fled in air, and not one trace, one shadow
 Left of my bright day-visions? Is not rather
 All this some fearful dream?—Cæsario false!
 I know 'tis so, yet scarce can think 'tis so!
 Gods! when last night, after long absence meeting,
 What looks!—what joy!—and was then all deceit?
 Did he but mock me, when with tears of rapture
 He bathed my hand; knelt; sighed; as had his
 voice
 By pleasure been o'erwhelmed, a while was silent;
 But soon came words, sweet as those most sweet
 kisses
 Which grateful Venus gave the swain whose care
 Brought back her truant doves!—So sweet,
 so sweet—
 Distrust, herself, must have believed those words.
 Oh! and was all but feigned?

Enter Cæsario and Estella.

Estella. Wait here awhile;
 I'll try to soothe her.
Cæsa. My best friend!
Estel. Withdraw [Cæsario retires.]
 Still bathed in tears?
Amel. [Throwing herself on her bosom.] Oh!
 my soul's sick, Estella.
 My heart is broken, broken!
Estel. Nay, be calm!
 I bring you comfort.
Amel. How?
Estel. Cæsario sues
 For one short moment's audience.
Amel. I'll not see him!
Estel. Dear princess!
Amel. Never saw I not Otilia
 Decked with my gift? did I not hear—
 Shame! shame!
 Go, go, Estella, see him! say, and firmly,
 We meet no more! say, that the veil is rent!
 Say, that I know him wavering, vain, ungrateful,
 Flattering and false! and having said this, add,
 False as he is, he's my soul's tyrant still!
Cæsa. [Throwing himself at her feet] Accents
 of Heaven!—my life! my love!
Amel. Cæsario?
 Farewell forever!
Cæsa. Nay you must not leave me.
 Hear me but speak.—
Amel. Release me!
Cæsa. But one word.—
Amel. I'll not be held!—Your pardon. I forgot sir!
 I thought myself still mistress of my actions!
 Still princess of Castile!—Now I remember
 I'm that despised, unhappy thing, your wife!

Sir, I obey!—Your pleasure!
Cæsa. Oh! how lovely
 Those eyes can make e'en scorn! yet calm their
 lightnings—
 Once more let love.—
Amel. Never—the hours are past
 When I believed thee all my fond heart wished;
 Thought thee the best, the kindest, truest—
 thought thee—
 Oh! Heaven! no Eastern tale portrays the
 palace
 Of fay, or wizard (where in bright confusion
 Blaze gold and gems) so glorious fair, as seemed,
 Tricked in the rainbow-colours of my fancy,
 Cæsario's form this morn:—Too late I know
 thee;
 The spell is broke; and where an Houri smiled,
 Now scowls a fiend. Oh! thus benighted pilgrims
 Admire the glow-worm's light, while gloom prevails
 But find that seeming lamp of fiery lustre
 A poor dark worthless worm, when viewed in
 sunshine.
 Away, and seek Otilia.
Cæsa. Oh! my princess,
 Deep as thy anger wounds my heart, more deeply
 I grieve to think, how thine will bleed at finding
 This anger undeserved.
Amel. Oh! that it were so,
 But no! I saw my scarf—that very scarf—
 My own hands wrought it.—Many a midnight
 lamp,
 While thou wert at the wars, in toil I wasted,
 And made it my sole joy to toil for thee,
 There was no thread I had not blest! no flower
 I had not kist a thousand times, and murmured
 With every kiss a prayer for thy return,
 And yet thou gav'st this sacred work to buy
 A wanton's favours.—
Cæsa. Say, to buy her silence?
Amel. Her silence?
Cæsa. As this morn I left the palace,
 She marked my flight.
Amel. Just heaven!
Cæsa. Though unrequited,
 Her love has long been mine.—She raved; she
 threatened;
 She would have vengeance; she would rouse the
 guards;
 Alarm the king.—
Amel. [Shuddering.] My father!
Cæsa. But her silence
 Bought by that scarf.—
Amel. Cæsario, could I trust thee?
 Were this tale true, could I but think.—
Cæsa. I'll swear.
Amel. No! at the altar thou hast sworn already
 Mine were thy hand and heart, and mine forever:
 If thou canst break this oath, none else will bind
 thee—
 Yet did I wrong thee? art thou true? I faint
 Would think thee so.—But this fond heart, my
 husband,
 Is such a weak sad thing and where it loves,
 Loves so devoutly—Spare me, dear Cæsario,
 Such fears in future; let no word, no thought,
 Cloud thy pure faith, for so my soul dotes on thee,
 But to suspect thee racks each nerve, and almost
 Drives my brain mad.—Oh! could'st thou know,
 Cæsario,
 How painful 'tis for one who loves like me,
 To cease to love—Cease, said I?—No, my
 heart
 Ceased to esteem, but never ceased to love thee.
 [Falling on his neck.]
Cæsa. My soul! my Amelrosa,—Now all planets
 Rain plagues upon my perjured head, if e'er
 I break the vow, which here I breathe; this heart,
 Filled but with thee, and formed but to adore thee,

Is thine, my love, thine now, and thine forever!

Amel. Hark!—steps approach—Estella?

Estel. [who has retired, advances hastily.]

Haste, Cesario,

*You must away! the king's returned, I see
His train now loitering near the garden-gate,
Fly by the private postern.*

*Cesa. Straight I'll follow. [Exit Estella.
And must I leave thee, leave thee for so long too?
The king's affairs now call me far from Burgos,
And ere we meet again twelve hours must pass.*

Amel. Ah! me, to love an age.

*Cesa. Yet should I leave thee
With calmer soul, nor feel such pain in absence,
Were I but sure one wish—*

*Amel. [Eagerly.] Oh! name it, name it,
But ask me nothing light in action: ask me
Something strange, hard, and painful: Some-
thing, such*

*As none would dare to do but one who loves.
Name, name this blessed wish.*

*Cesa. 'Tis this—From midnight,
Till my return, avoid the royal tower.*

Amel. I promise; yet what reason—

*Cesa. When we meet
Thou shalt know all; till then forgive my silence:
Seal with a kiss thy promise, then farewell.*

*[Here Alfonso advances in silence; his eyes are
fixed on his daughter, his hands are folded, and
his whole appearance expresses the utmost de-
jection.]*

*Amel. Farewell, since it must be farewell—
But mark,*

See not Ottilia ere you go.

Cesa. I will not.

*Amel. And when the bell's deep tongue an-
nounces midnight,*

*Breathe thou my name, for at that hour, my love,
I'll think on thee.—That hour! Oh, fool! as if
Hours could be found in which I think not on
thee.*

*And must thou go?—Nay, if thou must, away,
Or I shall bid thee stay, and stay forever.*

Farewell my husband!

Cesa. My soul's joy, farewell!

Amel. Oh! pain of parting!

*[Turning round, her eye rests on Alfonso. She
starts, and remains as petrified with terror. Af-
ter a pause, he passes her in silence; but, on his
reaching the door, she rushes towards him, her
hands clasped in supplication.]*

Father!

*[Alfonso motions to forbid her following, and
goes off.]*

*Amel. Oh! I'm lost! [She falls senseless on the
ground.]*

End of Act II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A chamber in the palace.

Enter Ottilia and Inis.

*Otti. Was it so sudden?—What, no cause as-
signed,
And so severe a shock too?—Trust me, Inis,
Thy tale alarms me.*

*Inis. On the earth we found her
Senseless and cold: we raised and bore her hi-
ther,
Where she revived only to sigh and sorrow,
Wring her fair hands, and shriek her father's
name.*

*Otti. 'Tis wondrous strange,—Mourning in
own afflictions,*

*This rumour reached me; straight all else for-
gotten,*

*Hither by love and duty urged I sped,
Nor come I trust in vain,—this phial holds
Drops of most precious power.—Good Inis take it,
And in your lady's drink infuse this liquid:*

My life upon her cure.

Inis. Obedience best

*Will speak my thanks, nor doubt—Lo, where
approaches*

My lady's ghostly father, holy Bazil.

Enter Father Bazil.

*Bazil. Pardon that rudely thus I break your
parley,*

*But from the king I come, to bid the Infanta
Attend him here.—Good Inis lead me to her.*

Inis. Here lies our way—Again I thank you,

lady;

Ere night I'll use your gift. [Exit with Bazil.]

*Otti. And if thou dost,
Go ring a funeral knell, and get thee mourning,
And gather flowers to strew thy lady's grave:
Thou'lt gather none so sweet as that I wither,
—Hark! 'twas her voice.—How at the sound
seemed ice*

To seize my every vein!—My victim comes!

*—I cannot bear her sight!—So young to die!
So young, so fair, so gentle, and so good!
With such an angel's life, and my soul's quiet.—
Oh, God! Cæsario, thou art purchased dearly.*

[Exit.]

*Enter Amelrosa, Bazil, Estella, Inis, and atten-
dants.*

*Bazil. No passion flushed his cheek; his voice,
his manner,
Though solemn were not stern; and when he
named you,*

*A tear gushed forth, ere he could turn him from
me.*

Then droop not thus, nor doubt paternal love.—

*Amel. Oh! 'tis that love distracts me, for his
love*

*Was love so great? 'Twas but this morn he term-
ed me*

The only tie which chained him still to life!

And I have broke that tie!

Bazil. Nay, gentle princess!

*Amel. Perhaps have broke his heart too! from
his lips*

*Have dashed joy's last poor lingering drop, and
shown him,*

His only prop was frail as all the former!

*Could I but think he felt like common parents,
That when he found my fault, affection died,
Then I were blest! then I alone should suffer,
And when his hatred broke my heart, could seek*

*Some lone sad place, and lay me down and die!
Alas! alas! I know I was his darling!*

*Know by the joy I gave him once, too well
How sharp the grief must be, I cause him now!*

*Bazil. That partial love which cherished thus
your virtues,*

Will now absolve your fault.

*Amel. But when he frowns?—but sure he's dread-
ful!*

*Oh! ere I meet those eyes (which yet ne'er view-
ed me*

*But their kind language spoke uncounted bless-
ings)*

*And find them dark with gloom, and dread with
lightnings,*

*Closed be my own in death!—Hark! hark! he
comes*

*In all his terrors, comes to spurn and drive me
For ever from his sight.—His frown will kill me!*

Shield me, Estella, shield me!

Alfonso enters, followed by Ricardo and courtiers.

*Alfon. [Aside, looking at Amelrosa.] Can it be?
Can she too have deceived?—!—Retire awhile.*

[Exeunt Estella, &c.

Manent Alfonso and Amelrosa.

Amel. [Advancing with timidity, then rushing forward and falling prostrate at his feet.] My father!—Oh! my father.

Alfon. Rise!

Nay rise: what fears't thou? Wherefore weep, and tremble? Thou hast no cause for grief! The poisoned arrow Has pierced no heart but mine! These eyes alone Need weep for what they've seen! Thou hast not felt What 'tis to lose all faith in man! to see Joy and hope die together; and to find, When all thy soul loved best hung on thy neck, Each kiss was false, and each sweet smile was hollow! Well! well! 'Tis past grief's curing! wondrous bitter, But must be borne! a few short months, and then The grave mends all.

Amel. [Aside.] Pangs of the dying sinner, Are ye more sharp than mine!

Alfon. More tears?—Perhaps You tremble, lest my regal wrath should crush The audacious slave who stole his sovereign's daughter? No, princess, no! I can excuse the youth, Nor look from mortals for divine forbearance. A fairer fruit than ever dragon guarded, Courting his hand and hung within his grasp, He could not choose but pluck it.

Amel. Oh! I would My heart would spring before thine eyes, and show thee Each word thou utter'st, written there in blood! That it could speak—!

Alfon. What could it say? but plead The youth's fair form, high fame, and great acquirements! Gratitude that from ruffian hands he saved thee, Feelings too fond, and thus excuse thy love! But could it e'er excuse thy long dissembling, Thy seeming confidence, thy vows all broken, Thy arts to lull me in a blissful dream, From which the waking's dreadful! Why deceive me?

Why hide as from a foe thy thoughts from me? Why banish me thy bosom? didst thou fear me? Didst fear my power, my pride, my wrath? Oh! was I—

Was I so harsh a father, Amelrosa?

Amel. [Aside.] Heart, sure thy strings are steel, or they would break!

Alfon. Yet 'Tis deserved? I was too fond! too partial!

Still loved thee better than my son, whose heart Perhaps this partial love has turned against me— If so, my pain is just!—Daughter I'll chide No more; nor came I here to chide, but bless thee, This parchment gives thy lord Medina's dukedom, With all its fair domains; the dowry promised, When my fond bosom hoped that princely Aragon— But that's now passed!—Take it—farewell—be happy—

We meet no more!

Amel. [Covering her face with her hands] Oh? heaven!

Alfon. 'Twere vain, 'twere cruel, To make thee toil to fan thy love's faint embers, Since faith is dead; and though I still doat on thee, I'll trust no more—Thy choicee is made, and may That choicee prove all thy fondest dreams e'er pictured!

Blest be thy days as the first man's in Eden, Before sin was! Be thy brave lord's affection

Firm as his valour, lovely as thy form! And shouldst thou ever know, with thy whole soul

What 'tis to love a child, and hold it dearer Than freedom, light, or life—Oh may that darling Show thee more faith than thou hast shown to me.

I've done—Have there the deed—Farewell!

Amel. [Grasping the hand which he extends with the parchment, and pressing it to her lips.]

Have mercy!

Alfon. Mercy?—On whom?

Amel. An humbled, breaking heart, But which, though breaking, loves thee dearly, dearly!

Throw me not from thee!

Alfon. Hast not all thy wishes? Thy husband's pardon, honour, wealth, and freedom,

To live with whom, and how, and where thou wilt?

What wouldst thou more?

Amel. That, without which all these Are nothing, and each seeming grace true curses! Thy heart! thy heart my father! Give me that! Thy whole, whole heart, such as I once possessed,

ed it, Soft-kind-indulgent—open—feeling—fond!

'Tis this I ask,—or, this denied, to dic. Yes! strike me at your foot; spurn, trample, crush me!

Twist in my streaming locks your hand, and drag me,

Till from my wounded bosom streams of blood Gush forth, and dye the marble red!—All this Were far less anguish to a generous soul, Than this so torturing love, so cruel kindness!

Alfon. I will not hear—

Amel. Oh! leave me not, my father, Nor bid me leave thee! Let my anguish move thee;

Let not, though great, a single error lose me The fruits of twenty years pass'd in thy service, Which in thy service pass'd seemed short as moments.

Alfon. It must not be—

Amel. You would, but cannot hide it; I still am dear! Each look, each feature speaks it, Speaks to a softening heart—Oh! hear its pleading,

And bid me stay! I'll only stay to love thee! Look on me! mark my altered form! observe The strong convulsions of my gasping bosom! See my wan cheeks, eyes swoln, lips trembling!

feel How scalding are the tears with which I dew This dear, dear hand! Judge by thy own my sufferings,

And bid me cease to suffer; when with force, Such as despair alone can give, and louder Than fiends implore from their volcanic prisons The Arch-angel's grace, I cry to thee—"Have mercy."

Alfon. My child—No, no!—'Twere weakness—

Amel. Weakness, say'st thou? Oh! glorious fault! Oh! fair defect!—Oh! weakness

Passing all strength! If to forgive be sin, How deeply then must Heaven have sinned to man!

Oh! be thy faults like Heaven's! Relent, my father!

Pardon!—Oh! speak that word!

Alfon. My heart! my heart!

My bursting heart!

Amel. That word, that blessed word, So quickly said, so easy, as 'twere magic Breaks sorrow's spell and bids her phantoms fly! That word, that word, that one, one little word, And I am blest!—

Alfonso. [Yielding to his emotions, and clasping her eagerly to his bosom.] Be blest then ! *Exit.*

Amel. Now, ye stars,
Which nightly grace the sky, if ye love goodness
Pour dews celestial from your golden vials
On you dear gracious head !—Oh why is now
My husband absent ? Lend thy doves dear Venus,
That I may send them where Cæsario strays ;
And while he smoothes their silver wings, and
gives them
For drink the honey of his lips, I'll bid them
Coo in his ear, his Amelrosa's happy !
Joy, joy, my soul ! Bound, my gay dancing heart !
Waft me, ye winds ! So bear so blest a creature
Earth is not worthy ! Loved by those I love,
I've all my soul e'er wished, my hopes e'er fan-
cied,
My father's friendship, and Cæsario's heart !
Leave me but these, and, fortune I defy thee !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The forest as before.*

Enter Cæsario and Henriquez.

Cæsa. He spurned him, Marquis, spurned him !
With such scorn,
Such genuine ardent hate, repaid his soothing—
Oh ! by that hate I feel, the blood which fills
These veins is right Orsino's !

Hen. 'Tis reported,
The king shed tears.

Cæsa. Marquis, he wept, fawned, pleaded
Remorse, and sued for pardon with such fervour,
As starving souls for bread !

Hen. Did not at this
Orsino's ire melt ?

Cæsa. Melt ? Like yon fortress rock,
(Which rears his tower-clad front above the bil-
lows,
Nor heeds the winds that blow, nor rains that
beat)
Proof against tears, and deaf to all entreaties,
Unmoved the stern one stood, and frowned his
answer.
Oh ! fear not, friend : like me he loathes Alfonso,
And, when I place revenge within his grasping,
Will spring to reach it.

Hen. 'Tis past doubt, his aid
Were to our cause a tower of strength ; yet still
I fear, lest—Some one leaves the eave !—'Tis
he !

I'll wait beneath yon limes. [*Exit.*]
Orsino enters from the cave.

Cæsa. Now by my life
A noble ruin !

Orsi. I return to Burgos ?
For what ? To show my scars and hear court la-
dies
Rail at the wars for making men so hideous ?
To bear the coxcomb's sneer, the minion's fawn-
ing,
And see fools sweetly smile at my good fortune,
Who, when my death was signed, smiled full as
sweetly ?

No, no, I'll none on't. [*Seeing Cæsario.*]
Plagues and fiends ! another !
More gold and silk ; more musk, fair words, and
lying !

Will these court flies ne'er cease to buzz around
me ?

Well, sir, what seek ye here ?

Cæsa. Revenge.
Orsi. Indeed !

On whom ?
Cæsa. On lawless power. Ask ye for what ?

A father's wrongs and mother's murder !

Orsi. (*starting.*) How !
That voice—Let me look on thee well—Those
lips,
Those eyes—Oh Heaven ! those eyes, too ! I
ne'er saw
But one have eyes like thine, an earthly angel,
And with the angels now. Fair youth, who art
thou ?

Cæsa. Speaks not thy heart ?

Orsi. It does, youth, Oh ! It does ;
But I'll not trust it ; for if false its whispers
So sweet, so painful sweet—Dear good youth tell
me,

Spare a poor broken heart, and tell me quickly
Thy father's name.

Cæsa. My father ! Oh ! that was
A man indeed, and model for all others !
His country's sword, his country's shield, a hero,
A demigod ; and great as were his actions,
So were his wrongs.

Orsi. His name ! his name !

Cæsa. (*rushing into his arms*) Orsino !

Orsi. I have him ! hold him here ! Death alone
parts us.

My son ! Victoria's son ! Come, come, my boy,
Kneel at this tomb with me ; join thou my suit
For the blest dust beneath, and read through
tears

Here sleeps thy mother. Wandering forth to
seek her,
Unknown her fate and thine, chance led me hi-
ther.

I marked yon tablet, read yon piteous lines,
Threw those now useless arms forever from me,
Sank on Victoria's grave, nor left it more ;
Yet, yet I died not ! Amelrosa's kindness,
Which gave me freedom, traced me to this spot,
And saved my life, my wretched life, which still
I only use to mourn thy loss, Victoria.
Know'st thou, my boy, when her eyes closed for-
ever ?

Whose hand—

Cæsa. Her son's—

Orsi. (*grasping Cæsario's hand*) Was't thine ?

Cæsa. 'twas mine too raised

Yon rustic tomb, and twas this eave received her
When, desperate at your loss, she fled the court.
Here long she sorrowed, here at length she died,
Died of a broken heart ! Ay weep, my father ;
For know the king shall pay each tear thou
shed'st

With drops of blood.

Orsi. The king ? Boy, name him not.

That sound is poison. I was once so happy ;
Was once so rich—and that one man stole all.

My curse be on him !

Cæsa. Man, thy curse is heard.

Orsi. Is heard ! What mean'st thou ?

Cæsa. Vengeance ! Hark, Orsino—

Soon as my mother died (believed Cæsario
A young unknown) I sought the court, where
chance

Gave me from ruffian Moors to save the princess.
This made Alfonso mine, and still I've used him
To further mine own ends. Joy, joy, my father !
My plots are ripe, the king's best troops corrupt-
ed,

His son, too, through my arts, declared a rebel ;
And, ere two nights are past, I'll strip the tyrant
Both of his throne and lie. Rouse then, and aid
—Now, sir, why gaze you thus ?

Orsi. I fain would doubt it ;

Fain find some plea—No, no, each look, each
feature,

And my own heart—'Tis true thou art my son !

Cæsa. What mean you ?

Orsi. (*passionately*) Art my son, and yet a vil-
lain !

Cæsa. (*starting*) Villain !

Orsi. Destroy Alfonso ! What ! Alfonso,

The wise, the good ?

Cæsa. With thee then was he either ?

Has he not wronged thee ?

Orsi. Deeply, boy, most deeply.

But in his whole wide kingdom none but me.
Look through Castile ; see all smile, bloom, and
flourish.

No peasant sleeps ere he has breathed a blessing
On his good king ; no thirst of power, false pride,
Or martial rage he knows ; nor would he shed

One drop of subject-blood to buy the title
Of a new Mars ! E'en broken hearted widows
And childless mothers, while they weep the slain,
Cursing the wars, confess his cause was just.
Such is Alfonso, such the man whose virtues
Now fill thy throne, Castile, to bliss thy children!
What shows the adverse scale ! What find we
there ?

Cæsa. My sufferings, mine alone ! And what am I,
That I should weigh me 'gainst the public wel-
fare ?

What are my wrongs against a monarch's rights ?
What is my curse against a nation's blessings ?

Cæsa. Yet hear me.

Orsi. I assist your plots ! I injure
One hair that's nourished with Alfonso's blood !
No ! The wronged subject hates the ungrateful
master ;

But the world's friend must love the patriot king.
Cæsa. Amazement ! Can it be Orsino speak-
ing ?

'Tis some court minion sure, some tool of office,
Some threadbare muse pensioned to praise the
throne ;

This cannot be the man whose burning ven-
geance,
Whose fixed aversion—

Or. Boy, 'Tis fixed as ever.

Alfonso's sight, his name, his very goodness,
Forcing my praise, torture my soul to madness.
I hate him, hate him ; but still own his virtues ;
And though I hate, Oh bless the good king, Hea-
ven !

Cæsa. Oh most strange patience ! most rare
stretch of temper !

What ! bless the man who thought you treache-
rous, base,
Ungrateful !

Orsi. And because he thought me such,
(Remembering only what his fault deserves,
Forgetting all that's due to mine own honour)
Shall I become the wretched thing he thought
— me ?

Prove his suspicions just ? quit the proud station
Where injured Virtue towers and sink me down
to

His level who oppressed me ? Oh, not so !
When hostile arms strain every nerve to crush
me,

Pang follows pang, and wrong to wrong succeeds,
Piled like the Alps, each loftier than the last one,
To pay those wrongs with good, those pangs
with kindness,
To raise the foe once fallen, bind his gored breast,
And heap, with generous zeal, favours on favours,
Till his repentant spirit melts and bleeds
To think he ever pained a heart like mine,
Such is my hate ! such my proud soul's whole
object.

The only vengeance noble minds should take.

Cæsa. Farewell, then, since far other hate is
mine,

And asks for other vengeance. I'll to seek it.

Orsi. Stay, youth, and hear me. Ere you quit
this spot,

Since virtue has no power to chain or awe thee,
Swear to forgo thy traitorous schemes, or straight
I'll seek the king—

Cæsa. You dare not : no, you dare not.
Nay, start not. I but know my power and use it.
Look on these lips and eyes ; they are Victoria's.
And shall Victoria's lips be sealed forever ?

And shall Victoria's eyes be closed in death ?
E'en while you rage, with looks so fond you eye
me,

They speak, your love will guaranty your si-
lence.

Orsi. 'Tis true, too true : but dear and cruel
boy,
Though threats succeed not, let these tears pre-
vail,

Tears for thy dying virtue. Oh look round thee !

See to mankind what curses bad kings are,
And learn from them the blessings of a good one.

Cæsa. Father, in vain you urge me. Know
I've sworn

Alfonso's death. My mother's shade demands it.
Who asked that promise, with an oath confirmed,
And what she asked I gave.

Orsi. Oh ! Wherefore didst thou ?
Since she required an oath to seal thy promise,
Thou shouldst have known thy promise must be
wrong.

Virtue and truth are in themselves convincing,
Nor need the feeble sanction of man's lips ;
As the sun needs no aid from foreign orbs,
Itself a fire-formed world of light and glory.
What meant thine oath ? What meant those ma-
gic words ?

Save by thy lips to bind thy hand to do
What makes each wise head shake, each good
heart shudder.

Thy impious vow—

Cæsa. Impious or just, once sworn,
To break it sure were shame.

Orsi. My son, 'twere virtue,
When to perform it were the worst of crimes,
'Twas wrong to swear ; be with that wrong con-
tent.

A second fault cannot make right the first ;
And acts of guilt absolve no act of folly.

Cæsa. Guilt ! Then we jar for words. I see
but glory

Where thou seest guilt : yet call it what thou
wilt.

I may be guilty, but I must be great.

Orsi. A dreadful word !

Cæsa. A crown, a crown invites me !

A glorious crown !

Orsi. Glorious ! Oh no ! True glory
Is not to wear a crown but to deserve one.
The peasant swain who leads a good man's life,
And dies at last a good man's death, obtains
In Wisdom's eye wreaths of far brighter splendour
Than he whose wanton pride and thirst for em-
p

Make kings his captives, and lay waste a world.

Cæsa. And is't not glorious then to bless my
country
By just and gentle ruling ; fight her battles ;
Preserve her laws—

Orsi. Thou, thou preserve her laws—

Thou fight her battles ! thou—I tell thee, boy,
The hand which serves its country should be
pure.

Ambition, selfish love, vain lust of power
Ravage thy head and heart ! and wouldst thou
hold

The judgment balance with a hand still red
With royal blood ? Wouldst thou dare speak a
penance

On guilt, thyself so guilty ? Canst thou hope
Castile will trust her to thee ? God forbid !
Mad is that nation, mad past thought of cure,
Past chains and dungeons, whips, spare food, and
fasting,

Who yields the immortal man a patriot's name,
And looks in private vice for public virtue.
Thou play the patriot's part ! Away, away !
Who wounds his country is the worst of monsters ;
But good men only should presume to serve her.

Thy guilt once seen—

Cæsa. And who shall see that guilt
When wrapt in purple, and the world's eye daz-
zled

By the o'erpowering blaze a crown emits ?
What pilgrim, gazing on some awful torrent,
Thinks through what roads it passed ? Let golden
fortune

But smile propitious on my daring crimes,
And all my crimes are virtues ! Mark this, father,
The world ne'er holds those guilty who succeed.

Exit.

Orsi. (alone.) How shall I act ? He said within

two nights—

Whate'er is done must be done soon—Oh! how,
How shall I tread this labyrinth; how contrive
To save my king, yet not destroy my son?
The princess! Ha! well thought! It shall be so.
I'll seek her, and Alfonso's life preserved,
At once shall pay her kindness for my freedom,
And buy my son's full pardon. Yes, I'll haste,
And snatch my sovereign from this gulf of ruin.
I, I the Atlas of his tottering throne—
Prosperous I shunned; unhappy, I forgive him;
He reigned, I scorned his power; he sinks. I'll
save him. [Exit.]

End of Act III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Amelrosa's chamber.

Amelrosa in white robes, crowned with flowers,
Estella, with a letter.

Amelrosa. "Tis strange! At this late hour! In
armour say'st thou?

Estel. In sable armour; round his neck was
slung

A bugle horn. In courteous guise he prayed me
Give you this note unseen.

Amel. Unseen! How is this? [Reading]

"One, not unknown, requests an immediate
audience on matters most important. Princess,
delay not as you value your father's life."
Not signed! My father's life! Estella say,
Did he not tell his name?

Estel. He said this jewel
Would speak whence came his letter.

Amel. Ha! The ring
I gave Orsino! Quickly seek you stranger,
And charge him meet me at St. Juan's chapel;
For there to pass the night in grateful prayer,
E'en now I go—Friend speed thee.

Amel. [Alone] Doubt and terror—
My father's life?—And yet, for such a father
What need I fear? Heaven will defend its own,
And wings of seraphs shield that king from harm,
Whose proudest title is—"his people's father,"
Whose dearest treasure is his people's love!

[Exit.]

SCENE II. St. Juan's cloisters by moon-light.—
On one side a gothic chapel.

Orsi. [Alone in black armour.] Yes, this must
be the place—Estella named,
St. Juan's shrine, and sure 'tis for the princess
Yon altar flames—Oh! hallowed vaults, how
often

Ye ring with prayers, which granted would de-
stroy
The fools who form them! Virgins there re-
quest
Their charms may fire the heart of some gay
rake,
Who proves a wedded curse—There wives ask
children,
And, when they have them, find their vices such
They mourn their birth—The spendthrift begs
some kinsman
May die, and vows that heaven shall share the
spoil—

While the young soldier prays his sword ere long
May blush with blood, (and with whose blood he
cares not,)

Swearing, if so his arm may purchase glory,
He'll pay its price, a thousand human hearts.
And all these mad, these impious vows are ush-
ered

With chant of cloistered maids, and swell of or-
gans—

As could our earthly songs charm Him, who
hears
Seraphs and cherubs wake their harps divine,
While the blest planets, hymning in their orbits,

Pour fourth such tones as reached their mortal
ears,

Man would go mad for very extasy.

Well, well! Such forms are good to force exam-
ple

On purblind eyes: but prayer from earth ab-
stracted,

Breathed in no ear but Heaven's; when lips are
silent,

But the heart speaks full loudly; thanks the
music,

Man's soul the censer, and pure thoughts the in-
cense

Kindling with grace celestial: that's the wor-
ship

Which suits Him best who, past all prayer and
praise,

Esteems one grateful tear, one heart-drawn bles-
sing,

Which, thanking God, declares that man is hap-
py.

—Ha! Gleams of torches gild yon distant aisle!

[Enter Father Bazil.]

Bazil. Stranger, What dost thou here, where
now to offer

Gifts at yon shrine, for wondrous favour shown
her,

The princes hastens? See, she comes: retire?

Orsi. Your pardon, reverend father, I obey.

[Exit Orsino.]

A procession enters of nuns and friars with lighted
tapers, then follow Amelrosa, Estella, Inis, and
ladies, carrying offerings.

Amel. I thank ye, holy friends. Now leave
me here,

Where I must watch the livelong night and feed
You sacred lamps, telling each hour my beads,
And pouring thanks to heaven and good St. Juan.
Till morn farewell.

Bazil. May angels guard thee, daughter,
Pure as thy thoughts, and join thee in thy pray-
ers. [Exeunt.]

Amel. (alone) He is not here. Oh how my bo-
som throbs

To know this fearful secret! Sure he cannot
Have missed the place.

Orsi. (entering) All's dark again and silent.
Perhaps her courage failed her, and she's gone.
If so, what must be done? No, no, a shadow
Moves on the chapel porch. 'Tis surely she.

Amel. Hark! steps! Orsino!

Orsi. He.

Amel. Oh, good Orsino!

What brings thee here? Those words, *my father's*
life,

Like spells by witches breathed to raise the dead,
Filled my heart's circle with a crowd of phan-
toms,

Doleful and strange, which groan to be released.
Thy news! thy news! Oh! speak them in one

word,

And let me know the worst.

Orsi. Thy fears though great,
Are justified by what I have to tell.
Princess, a plot is formed and ripe for action,
To spoil thy father of his throne and life.

Amel. My father! my good father!

Orsi. What can goodness!
And moral duties 'gainst the assaults of passion!
Those chains, e'en when they seem than dia-
mond harder,

Softens, calcine, and fall like dust away,

Touched by the burning finger of ambition.

Amel. This vile, vile world! Oh is there one

on earth

So lost to virtue he would harm my father!

Orsi. There is, and one most favoured! one

who owns

He long has lived nearest Alfonso's heart;

His friend, his trusted friend; and yet this traitor,

This worst of traitors—shame denies me utter-

ance!

This traitor, princess, is Orsino's son.

Amel. Thy son ! thy long lost son !

Orsi. Long lost, late found,

And better than found thus it lost forever.

Go, princess, go ; preserve your sire. I lay
Bound at my sovereign's feet this precious vic-

tim.

Yet, while you paint the son's offence, paint also
His father's anguish ! Plead for him, dear lady,
Oh ! plead for him and save him ! since I own,
Own it with shame, dearer than air or eye-sight

I love, I doat upon Cæsario.

Amel. (starting) Whom ?

Orsi. Cæsario is his name.

Amel. 'Tis not, 'tis not,

Or if it be, it means not that Cæsario,
Not my Cæsario ! No, no, no !

Orsi. A soldier

Who says he saved thee once—

Amel. Peace, death-bell, peace !

Thou ringst the knell of all my joys !

Orsi. What mean'st thou ?

What sudden passion—

Amel. Hear me, wretched father !

This son, now guilty thought, but guiltier far,
Who knows with what idolatry I dote on
My father, and yet plots to tear him from me !
Is one to buy whose barbarous heart I spurned
All the world prizes, fame, respect, and empire,
Nay, risked my father's love : this man, this man
—He is—Oh Heaven !—my husband !

Orsi. (striking his forehead) Slave ! wretch !
—fiend—

And yet Orsino's son !—Ahs, poor princess !
Gav'st thou him all, and rends he all from thee !
Was he thy love, and would he be thy bane !
Has he thy heart and stabs it ! Now all plagues
Hell ever forged for demons light—

Amel. Hold, hold !

Oh ! curse him not ; no, save him. Some one
comes.

We shall be marked. This way, and let us study
How we may rescue best—

Orsi. No, let him perish !

Perish, and seek the flames his guilt deserves.
The sooner 'tis the better.

Amel. Silence, silence !

Dear friend, this way, be patient. Oh ! Cæsario,
And couldst thou have the heart to torture mine !

Exeunt.

Cæsario enters, muffled in his cloak.

Cæsa. Not come yet ! 'Tis past midnight, and
'twas here

She bade me join her. Ha ! why flame yon
lamps ?

Should any loitering monk—no, no, 'tis vacant,
And all as yet is safe. Fate let this hour
Be mine, and with the rest do what thou wilt.

I hear her—to my work then. Why this shivering
ing ?

I would fain spare her.—If she yields to reason
'Tis well : if not—she's here.

Enter Ottilia.

Otti. I find thee punctual.

'Tis well for thee thou art so. By my life,
If thou hadst failed me I had sought the king.

Where is the priest ? On to the chapel.

Cæsa. Stay,

And hear me ! for the hour is come that weighs
Our fates in the same balance. Thus then briefly,
Thou art most fair, in wit most choice and subtle,
In all rare talents still surpassing all,
And for these gifts, and thy long tried affection,
I feel I owe thee much, owe thee firm friendship,
Eternal gratitude, faith, favour, love,
And all things save my hand. Except but this,
Which now I must not give, nor couldst thou
take,

And ask what else thou wilt.

Otti. Most gracious sir,

For thy fair praise, and these so liberal offers
Of granting all save that which I would have,

Accept my thanks, I've heard thee ; now hear
me.

I'll be thy wife or nothing.

Cæsa. Lady, Lady,

You know not what you ask.

Otti. I know myself

Worthy of what I ask, and know my power,
When you, it seems, forget. Is not my dowry
Your life and crown ? Let me but speak one
word,

And straight your fancied throne becomes a soft-

foiled.

No more, but to the chapel.

Cæsa. If to move thee

Ought would avail—

Otti. It cannot.

Cæsa. Once a king—

Otti. I share thy throne.

Cæsa. 'Mid all Castile's first honours

Make thou thy choice—

Otti. 'Tis made.

Cæsa. And still remaining

My friend, my love—

Otti. Thy wife, thy wife, or nothing !

Cæsa. Nay then I'll crush thy frantic hopes at
once ;

I'm married.

Otti. (Starting) What ! I hope thou dost but
feign ;

For thy sake hope it ; since, if true this marriage,
Thou'rt lost past saving.

Cæsa. Nay, unbend thy brow,

Nor stamp nor rave. The princess is my wife,
And frowns unbind not whom the church hath

bound.

The javelin's thrown, and cannot be recalled ;
Thine be the second prize the first is won,
And all thy grief and rage that tis another's
Will but torment thyself. Be wise, be wise,
And bear with patience what thou canst not cure.

Otti. I will not curse : no, I'll not waste in va-
pour.

The fire which burns within me. What I feel,
My deeds shall tell thee best. (Going.)

Cæsa. (detaining her) Ottilia, stay.

If yet one spark of love remains—

Otti. (passionately) of love !

Of love for thee ! Mark me. Ere sets the sun
My rival dies, and thou once more art free :
But now so deadly is the hate I bear thee,
'Twill joy me less to see thee mine than dead.
Thy blood ! thy blood ! 'Tis for thy blood I thirst,
And it shall stream. Farewell.

Cæsa. Go then, proud woman,

I brave thy rancour. Ere thou gain'st the palace,
I'll spring the mine.

Otti. Indeed ! Now hark awhile,
Then die for spite, thou base, thou baffled traitor !
Six trusty slaves wait but my call to bind
And bear thee to the king. Ay, rage, rage, rage,
For I'll invent such tortures to despatch thee,
Such racks, such whips, such baths of boiling sul-

phur,

The damned shall think their pains mere mirth
and pastime,

And envying furies own their skill outdone.

I go to prove my words.

Cæsa. Thou must not leave me.

Otti. Worlds should not bribe my stay.

Cæsa. Thou'rt in my power.

Otti. Thy power ! thy power ! I brave it ! I
defy it !

Scorn both thy power and thee. Unhand me,
ruffian !

I'll not be held. Within there ! hasten hither !

Anthonio ! Lopez ! Treason ? treason !

Cæsa. Nay then,

This to thy heart. (stabbing her.)

Otti. Help, help ! Oh, vile assassin !

Enter Orsino, hastily.

Orsi. What clamours—Hold, you pass not.

Cæsa. Give me way,

Or else thy life—

Orsi. Ruffian defend thine own. [Exeunt fighting.]

Otti. Alone, leaning against a pillar. My blood streams fast! I'm wounded, deeply wounded!

My voice too fails; I cannot call for help. To hope for life were vain; but for revenge.— Could I but reach the palace—[Advancing a few steps, then sinking on the ground.] "Twill not be.

I faint!—Oh, heaven!

Enter Amelrosa.

Amel. All's hushed again; how fearful After those shrieks appear the midnight calm. —*Orsino?*—Speak, *Orsino?*—No one answers. What can this mean?

Otti. Fainter and fainter still—

And no one comes.—

Amel. Hark! 'Twas a groan! whence came it? [Seeing Ottilia.]

Stranger look up!

Otti. A voice! Oh! blessed sound, Who'er thou art, mark well my dying words; A villain's hand—I'm wounded—

Amel. Gracious heaven!

Oh! let me fly for aid.

Otti. All aid were vain.

Stay, mark! Revenge!—[Taking a paper from her bosom.]

This paper—take it—bear it Swift to the royal tower—lose not a moment— Insist to see the king—take no denial, For 'tis of most dear import.

Amel. Sure, it must be?

Ottilia.

Otti. [Starting up wildly.] Heaven, who speaks?

"Tis she herself: My victim, 'tis my victim!—Dost thou live then? Hast thou escaped? Spare me, thou God of mercy!

Oh! spare me this one crime.

Amel. What means this passion?

How wild she eyes me; how she grasps my hand!

Otti. Answer and bless me: Say thou didst not drink it!

Say Inis did not—While I speak, the blood Fades from thy cheek! Thine eyes close! Dying pangs

Distort thy features; pangs like those which shortened

His life, whose angry ghost, grim, fierce, and ghastly,

Comes gliding yonder. See his livid finger Points to the poisoned cup! He frowns and threatens.

Pray for me, angel! Pray for me! I dare not.

Amel. Alas, poor wretch!

Otti. Help! help! The spectre grasps me, And folds me to his breast, where the worm feeds! He tears my heart-strings!—Now he sinks, he sinks!

And sinking grasps me still, and drags me down with him,

A thousand fathom deep!—Oh! lost, lost, lost!

[Dies.]

Amel. She's gone.—Sure earth affords no sight more awful, Than when a sinner dies—She named the king.— Perhaps this writing—By yon favouring lamp I'll find its meaning, [Ascending the chapel steps.]

Enter Orsino.

Orsi. Aided by night

The villain has escaped me. [Seeing Amelrosa, who, while reading by the lamp suspended in the chapel-porch, expresses the most violent agitation.]

Princess,—Ha!

Why thus alarmed?—Amelrosa gives him the paper in silence, with a look of agony.] This paper?

—Heaven, what's this? [Reading.]

—My king, Cæsario plots your destruction: A mine is formed in the Claudian vaults, be-

"neath the royal Tower, and which the conspirators mean to spring this night. This warning will enable you to defeat their purpose: Accept it as an atonement for the crimes of the dying Guzman. The mine is appointed to be sprung when the clock strikes one."— [The letter falls from his hand.]

Amel. [Rushing from the chapel in despair] One, one!—'Tis that already.—Oh! he's lost!

My father's lost!—Ere we can reach his chamber 'Twill sink in flames!

Orsi. That must be tried—Say, princess, How may I gain admittance to the king, Nor meet delay?

Amel. This signet—[Giving a ring.]

Orsi. 'Tis enough. Know you the Claudian vaults?

Amel. I do.

Orsi. Away then; Reach them with speed: cling round Cæsario, kneel, Weep, threaten, sooth, implore! to rouse his feelings Use every art; at least delay his purpose, Till thou shalt hear this bugle sound; that signal Shall speak Alfonso safe.—Farewell.

Amel. Oh! heaven!

Oh! dreadful hour!

Orsi. Take heart: if time allows me, I'll save thy father: if too late—

Amel. Then, then, What wilt thou do?

Orsi. What? Plunge into the flames, And perish with my king!—Away! away!

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.—A cavern.

Enter Melechior with a lamp, as from an inner cavern.

Mel. Hush!—No, he comes not; sure 'tis near the time.

A light:—Who's there?—Henriquez.

Enter Henriquez, lighted by Lucio.

Hen. Ay, the same.

Mel. Now, Lucio, where's thy lord?

Lucio. He charged me tell you,

He would not fail at one.

Mel. The rest wait yonder.

Gomez, Sebastian, Marcos, none are wanting:

Our chief alone is absent.

Hen. He'll not tarry.

Lead to the inner vault, I'll wait him there.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Amelrosa.

Amel. Those gleams of light: I must be near the place.

—Voices!—I'll on—Oh! heaven! I can no further.

—I faint!—I die! [Catching at a fragment of the cave, against which she leans as stupefied.—A pause.—The bell strikes one.]

Hark! the bell gives the signal.

Oh! for a moment's strength.—Hold, murderers hold!

Rushes off.
SCENE IV.—The inner cavern, partially lighted with lamps. In the middle, folding doors guarded with iron bars; on one side a rough hewn stair-case leading to a small door above.

Gomez, Marcos, and conspirators, discovered in listening attitudes.

Gom. 'Tis strange, the time is past, and yet not here?

Mar. Henriquez too is absent.

Gom. Steps approach. (Kneeling at the folding door.)

Who knocks?

Hen. (without) A friend.

Mar. The pass word.

Hen. Empire.

Gom. Open. [Marcos unbars the door.]

Henriquez, Melechior, and Lucio, enter through the folding doors, which Marcos again closes.

Gom. Friends welcome. Melchior, is thy work complete ?
Mel. Complete, and fit for springing. Nought is wanting.
The train is laid. One spark and all is done.
Our chief alone—
Gom. The private door unlocks.
Hen. Cæsario only has the key.
Mel. 'Tis he.
Cæsario descends the staircase swiftly. His looks are wild; his hair flows loose; and he grasps a bloody dagger.
All. Welcome, Cæsario, welcome!
Caesa. Ay, shout, shout,
And, kneeling greet your blood anointed king,
This steel his sceptre. Tremble, dwarf's in guilt,
And own your master. Thou art proof, Henriquez,
'Gainst pity. I once saw thee stab in battle
A page who clasped thy knees; and Melchior,
there
Made quick work with a brother whom he hated.
But what did I this night? Hear, hear, and reverence!
There was a breast on which my head had rested
A thousand times; a breast which loved me fondly,
As Heaven loves martyred saints; and yet this breast
I stabbed, knaves, stabbed it to the heart! Wine, wine, there!
For my soul's joyous. [Gomez brings a goblet.]
Hen. Friend, what means this frenzy?
What hast thou done? Where is Ottilia?
Caesa. (dashing down the goblet) Dead!
Dead, Marquis! At that word how the vault rings,
And the ground shakes. It shall not shake my purpose.
Murder and I are grown familiar, friends.
The assassin's trade is sweet. I've tasted blood,
And thirst for more. Say, is the mine—
Mel. All's ready.
Caesa. Who fires the train?
Hen. Mel. and all the conspirators. I, I!
Caesa. Oh, cheerful cry!
Oh! glorious strife for guilt: Let each man throw
His dagger in my casque; be his the service,
Whose steel I draw.
Hen. 'Tis me—
Caesa. [To Lucio.] Thy torch, boy, [giving it to Henriquez.] Take it!
Here lies thy way—speed, speed, and let yon vaults,
Shivering in fragments, tell my ravished ear
Alfonso dies. Away, away!—[On his throwing open the folding doors, Amelrosa is discovered.]
Amel. Forbear!
All. The princess.
Amel. No, no, Princess; 'tis a daughter,
Fierce through despair, frantic with fear, and anguish.
Hear me ye dread unknown: Yon flinty man
Ne'er knew a father's care, and knows not now
What 'tis to love, what 'tis to lose a father.
But ye, (if e'er a parent's hand hath dried
Your infant tears; if e'er your eyes have streamed)
To see him weep, knowing your hand but seared
Gave him more pain, than his own heart torn
piece meal)
Oh! spare my father! Bid those hours revive
Which filial love once bless'd; recall youth's feelings,
And by those feelings learn to pity mine.
Spare, spare my father!
Caesa. [Struggling to conceal his confusion.] Spare him? Sure thou rav'st:
What fears my gentle love?
Amel. I'm not thy love;

Not gentle: Strange despair has changed my nature;
Steeled my soft bosom, braced my woman's nerves,
And brought me here, prepared and proud to perish,
If my heart's blood may save my sire's from streaming.
The savage tigress guards her new-born young
With tenderest, fiercest care; the timorous swallow,
If robber-hands approach her brood, defends it
With eagle-fury; and what brutes will do
To guard their offspring, born perhaps that day,
Shall I not do for one, to whom I owe
Full twenty years of love? Cæsario, mark me,
For by heaven's host, no power shall move my purpose:
Or thou must save my sire, or murder me.
Hen. What must be done?
Mel. Time presses.
Caesa. [Recovering from his stupor.] Fire the train.
Amel. [Interposing between the inner vault and Henriquez.] He shall not.
Caesa. Amelrosa.
Amel. No, he shall not!
Back, ruffian, back! and throw that torch away,
Which burns to light my father's funeral pile:
Here I'll defy thy rage, thus check thy malice,
Thus bar thy road, and, if thou needs wilt pass,
Make thee a way by trampling on my corse,
I stir not else.
Caesa. Nay, then I'll use my power,
And, as thy husband now command thee—
Amel. Thou?
Man, thou canst not command me.
Caesa. Art thou not
My wife?
Amel. I am; but ere I was a wife,
I was a daughter, was a subject; nay,
Am still a princess, and as such command
Thee, traitor, thee! and bid thee turn from evil.
[To Henriquez, —] Away! you pass not.
Caesa. Force her from the door!
Amel. [Clinging to a column.] Oh! for the Hebrew's strength to shake yon vaults,
And crush these traitors and myself.
Mel. In vain
You struggle.
Amel. Cut my hands off! stab me! kill me!
[They force her away.]
Caesa. Henriquez, to your work.
[Henriquez enters the vault.]
Amel. Oh! barbarous men,
Where shall I turn—Cæsario, dear Cæsario!
Once thou wert kind—Aid, aid my prayers, ye angels,
And force this cruel man to save at once
My husband's honour, and my father's life.
Turn not away! look on me! see my tears,
And pity me: Friend, husband, lover, all
That makes life dear, I charge you! I implore
you—
Hen. [Returning from the vault.] The train is fired.
Amel. [Dashing herself on the earth.] Barbarians! fiends, distraction!
Fall, fall, ye vaults and crush me.
[A bugle horn sounds, Amelrosa starts from the ground.]
Hark the signal—
He lives, he lives! [Kneeling and clasping her hands.]
Oh, Heaven, my thanks!
Caesa. 'Tis done.
[The mine blows up with a loud explosion, and the back part of the vault bursts into flames.]

End of Act IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The interior of Orsino's hermitage.*

Alfonso is discovered sleeping.

Enter Orsino and Ricardo.

Orsi. Come they in force?

Ricar. At least five thousand strong,
But stronger far in loyalty than numbers.
Searee heard my tale, clamours of rage and pity
Burst from the crowd, and every peasant swore,
He'd perish or preserve that sovereign's rights,
Who used them ever for the poor man's good.

Orsi. Honest Ricardo: When to serve thy king
I judged thee truest of the true, I erred not.
The lords to whom I sent thee, what reception
Found'st thou from them?

Ricar. Such as almost would prove,
Ingratitude is not the vice of courts:
But when I said, Orsino was to head them,
Their zeal, their joy—

Orsi. No more.—Are they at hand?

Ricar. An hour will bring them here.

Orsi. We'll then tow'rs Burgos,
And ere the swarth Castilian sees the sun
Pour on his rip'ning vines meridian beams,
Cæsario's royal dream shall close forever.

—[Looking on Alfonso.]—He sleeps—Oh! come
all ye who envy monarchs,
Look on yon bed of leaves, and thank heaven's
kindness,

Which saved ye from the sorrows of a throne.

Ricar. My dear, my injured master.

Orsi. Go, Ricardo,
Watch for your friends; and when from yonder
rock

Thou see'st their forces, warn me. [Exit Ricardo.

Orsi. To Alfonso, Canst thou sleep,
And sleep thus soundly on so rude a pallet?
There's many a prince, whose couch is strown
with roses,

Finds their sweet leaves but serve to harbour as-
pies:

There's many a conqueror stretched on down,
who passes

The live-long night to woo repose in vain,
And view with aching, restless, sated eyes,
The trophies which nod round his crimson bed.
But fraud, ambition, treachery, plots, and mur-
der,

In vain would banish his repose who sleeps,
Watched by his prospering kingdom's anxious
angel;

And lull'd to slumber by his people's prayers.
But see,—He wakes.—(Lowering his vizor.)

Alfon. (Waking.) Do what thou wilt, Cæsario,
But harm not my poor child.—How now!

Where am I?

—What place—I see it all.—Lo!—where he
stands,

Whose well-timed warning snatched me from the
flames,

And led me hither.—Say, thou dread preserver,
Mysterious stranger, ease a father's anguish:
How fares it with my child? What news from
Burgos?

Orsi. Burgos believes thee dead. Cæsario fills
Thy vacant throne.

Alfon. I ask not of my throne.

My child! Oh! say, my child?

Orsi. Is safe, is well,
And hopes ere long to see her sire once more
Adorned with regal pomp, and lord of Burgos.

Alfon. Alas! vain hope.

Orsi. Not so: thy faithful nobles,
By me apprized, now haste to give thee succour.
Ere night, Cæsario falls; and piercing his,
Thy just revenge shall print a mortal wound
On his proud father's heart.

Alfon. His father's?

Orsi. Ay,

On his, who paid thy love this morn with curses,
Spurning thy proffered friendship—Know'st thou
not

Cæsario is Orsino's son?

Alfon. Just Heaven!

And does Orsino love him?

Orsi. Dearly, dearly,
Loves him to madness; loves him with like fury,
As hates he thee.—Oh! glorious field for ven-
geance:

Think how 'twill writhe his haughty soul to hear,
This son, this darling, perished on the scaffold,
Branded, disgraced, a traitor, a foiled traitor.
Joy, joy, Alfonso; ere 'tis night thy wrath
Shall gorge itself with blood.

Alfon. Now blessings on thee,
Who giv'st me more than all my foes can take.
Come, come, my friend; where are these troops?

Away,

Forward to Burgos.

Orsi. (Detaining him.) Whither now?

Alfon. To Burgos.

Down with the walls: make once Cæsario mine—

Orsi. And then?

Alfon. I'll seek his father, grasp his hand,
And say,—“This stripling stole my darling
daughter,
“Betrayed my confidence, usurped my throne,
“Aimed at my life, and almost broke my heart:
“But he's Orsino's son; Orsino loves him,
“And all's forgiven.”—(Orsino kneels, takes the
king's hand, and presses it to his tips.)—How now?

Orsi. (Raising his vizor.) All is forgiven.

Alfon. 'Tis he:—Orsino's self.

Orsi. My pride is vanquished:

My king—Thy hand, my king.

Alfon. My heart, my heart;
There find thy place, and never leave it more.
Oh, from my joy again to name thee friend,
Judge of my grief to think thou wert my foe;
How could I doubt thee? how commit an error
So gross.

Orsi. No more; e'en now thou pay'st its pe-
nance:

In this long chain of present woes, that error
(Which seems at first so light) was the first link.
It tore me from my son: else, reared by me,
Formed in thy court, and schooled by my exam-
ple,

My son must sure have proved thy truest subject.
Oh! learn from this, how weighty is the charge,
A monarch bears; how nice a task to guide
His power aright, to guide it wrong, how fatal.
If subjects sin, with them the crime remains,
With them the penance; but when monarchs err,
The mischief spreads swift as their kingdom's ri-
vers,

Strong as their power, and wide as their domains.

Enter Ricardo.

Orsi. Now friend?

Ricar. From yonder height I caught distinctly
The gleam of arms.

Orsi. 'Tis well—Away, my sovereign,
And join your troops; then shape your march
tow'rs Burgos,
Nor doubt the event, for who that loves his coun-
try,

To save his king shall fear to die himself?
None, surely none! The patriot glow shall catch
From heart to heart throughout Castile, as swift-
ly

As sparks of fire disperse through summer forests;
Till all in care of thee forget themselves,
And every good man's bosom bucklers thine!
Forward, my king!—Lead on!

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—*A chamber in the palace.*

Enter Henriquez and Melchior.

Mel. And the grave council
Fell blindfold in the snare?

Hen. They could not fail,
So well Cæsario spread it—with such art
He told his tale, and in such glowing colours
Painted Alfonso's worth, and his son's guilt,
That all cried vengeance on the prince Don Pe-
dro,

And bade Cæsario mount his forfeit throne.

Mel. And he, no doubt, obeyed?

Hen. In modest guise
He owned his union with the princess gave him
Some rights, but vowed, so heavy seemed its
weight,
He feared to wear a crown, so prayed them spare
him:

Till won by urgent prayer at length he yielded,
And kindly deigned to be a king.

Mel. He's here,
And Bazil with him.

Enter Cæsario, father Bazil, and attendants.

Cæsa. (*Entering.*) Bid her rest assured,
Her king is her first subject. But, good father,
How bears her health, this shock? Say, looks she
pale?

Does she e'er name—

Bazil. She bade me lead thee hither,
And claimed my promise not to tell thee more.
I'll warn her, thou art here. [*Going.*]

Cæsa. Say too, my heart
Shares every pang of her's; that crowns are
worthless
Bought with her tears; that could my prayers
my blood,

Restore Alfonso's life—

Bazil. Hold!—On that subject
What thou wouldest tell her, will come best
from thee. [*Exit.*]

Cæsa. Ha!—Meant he—No! Sure had he
known my secret,
The monk had canted 'gainst the guilt of treason,
Thundering out saint-like curses!—Vile, vile
—chance,
Which led the princess.—Yet what fear I now?
She keeps my secret: then she loves me still,
And, loving, must forgive me—Hark! I hear
her.

Now all ye powers of bland persuasion, shed
Your honey on my lips. Come to my aid,
Ye soft memorials of departed pleasures,
Kind words, fond looks, sweet tears, and melting
kisses!

Sighs of compassion, drown her anger's voice!
Smooth ye her frown, smiles of delight and love!
Make her but mine once more, and this day
crows me

Monarch of all my soul e'er wished from fate:
Yes, in my wildest dreams I asked but this,
"Love and revenge! A throne and Amelrosa!"—
Retire!—I dread to meet her.

[*Henriquez &c. Exeunt.*

*Amelrosa enters, pale, and leaning on father Ba-
zil.—Estella, Inis, and ladies follow weeping.*

Amel. 'Tis enough,
Good father, and one task performed, I'll meet
That hour with joy, which seems to guilt so fear-
ful.

Leave me awhile: Anon, if time allows it,
We'll talk again—Farewell, my friends,

Inis. [*Kneeling.*] Oh! princess!

Oh! royal victim!

Amel. Nay, be calm, my Inis.

Pass a few years, and all had been as now,
Perhaps far worse: Receive this kiss of pardon,
And give it back in heaven!—Farewell!

[*Exeunt Estella &c.*

Manent Cæsario and Amelrosa.

Cæsa. How grief
Has changed her! Ah! how sunk her eyes! her
cheeks

How pale!—She comes!—How shall I bear her
anguish!

Amel. Not to reproach, for that you sought a
life,

Which you well knew I prized above my own;
Not to complain, that when my heart reposed
On you for all its earthly joys, you broke it,
I seek you now: but with true zeal I come
To warn thee, yea with tears implore thee, turn
From those most dangerous paths, which now
thou tread'st.

Oh! wake, my husband! Close thy guilty dream;
Be just, be good! be what till now I thought
thee!

That when we part (as ere two hours me must)
We may not part forever.

Cæsa. How to answer,
Or in what words excuse—Could my best blood
Wash out thy knowledge of my fault.—

Amel. My knowledge?
And say, on earth none knew it! say thy crime
To eye of man were viewless as the winds,
And secret as the laws which rule the dead:
Could'st hide it from thyself?—Would not he
know it,
Whose knowledge more than all thou ought to
dread,
His, who knows all things?—Oh! short-sighted
mortals!

Oh! vain precautions! Oh! misjudging sense!
Man thinks his secret safe, for no ear heard it!
Man thinks his act unknown, for no eye saw it!
But there was one above both saw and heard,
When neither ear could hear, nor eye could—

Cæsa. Thou lovely moralist! Oh! take me!
school me!

Mould thou my heart, and make it like thine own.

Amel. Dost thou speak thus?

Cæsa. Be that one act forgiven,
And prove—

Amel. Oh! that were light: As yet thou'rt
guilty
In thought alone. My father lives!

Cæsa. Indeed!

Amel. He starts!—He feigned!—Oh! for hea-
ven's love; my husband,
Trifle not now! this hour is precious, precious!
My soul is winged for heaven, and stays its flight,
In hopes of teaching thine the way to follow:
Let not its stay be vain! let my tears win thee,
And turn from vice: Repent; be wise; be warn-
ed;

For 'tis no idle voice that gives the warning;
I speak it from the grave!

Cæsa. The grave!

Amel. What fear'st thou?

Why shudder at a name?—Oh! if thou needs
Wilt tremble, tremble for thyself, not me.

I die to live; thy death may be for ever!

Short are my pangs; thy soul's may be eternal!

Cæsa. Die?—Die!—Each word—Each look—

Dreadful suspicions.

But no! it cannot, shall not be!

Amel. It shall not?

As I've a soul, in one short hour, Cæsario,
That soul must kneel before the throne of God.

Cæsa. Mean'st thou?

Amel. E'en so; I'm poisoned!

Cæsa. Torture! madness!

Within there!

Re-enter father Bazil, Estella, &c.

Cæsa. Help! Oh! help! The princess dies!
I'll speed myself.—

Amel. [*Detaining him.*] No, no, thou must not
leave me:

My hour of death is near, and thou must see it—

Cæsa. Distraction!

Amel. Must observe, how calm the transit,
How light the pain, how free death's eup from
bitter,

When virtue soothes, and hope exalts the soul.

I've seen a sinner die; Last night I closed

Otilia's lids, and 'twas a night of horror!

Each limb, each nerve was writhed by strange
convulsions,

Glothed were her teeth, her eye-balls fixed and glaring ;
She foamed, she raved, and her last words were curses !—

But look, Cæsario !—I can die, and smile !
[Sinks into Estella's arms.]
Cæsa. [In despair.] My life !—My soul !—
Amel. [In a faint voice.] But while one moment's mine,
By all thy vows of love, by those I breathed,
And never broke through life, never, no, never,
I charge thee, I conjure thee—
[Starting suddenly forward.]

Powers of mercy,
Whence this so glorious blaze ?
Cæsa. How her eyes sparkle !
Amel. Look, friends ! Look, look !—My mother, my dead mother !
Rich in new youth, and bright in lasting beauty !
She floats in air; her limbs are clothed with light !
Her angel-head is wreathed with Eden's roses !
Heaven's splendours rove amid her golden locks,
While her blest lips and radiant eyes pour round her

Airs of delight and floods of placid glory !
She moves !—She smiles !—She lifts her hand !—
She beckons !

World, fare thee well !—Mother, lead on !—I follow !
[Exit with Estella, &c.]

Cæsa. [Alone.] My brain ! my brain !—Oh ! ne'er knew till now,
How well I loved her !—[Following her.]

Enter Henriquez.

Hen. Turn, Cæsario, turn !
We're lost ! Alfonso lives; e'en now his troops
Assail our walls.

Cæsa. Confusion ! is all hell
Combined—
Enter Melchior.

Mel. Betrayed, betrayed ! The gates are opened ;
The townsmen join our foes ; I saw the king
First in the fight.—

Cæsa. The king ?—My brain is burning ;
I'll cool it with his blood.—Forth, forth, my sword :
Forth, nor be sheathed till I return thee dyed
With royal gore—Away !

[Exeunt Henriquez and Melchior; Cæsario is following when Amelross shriecks from within : he stops and remains motionless.]

Amel. [Within.] Oh ! mercy, mercy !

Inis. [Within.] She dies !

Estel. [Within.] Nay, hold her ! hold her down !

Amel. [Within.] Oh ! Oh !

[Solemn requiem chanted within.]
Peace to the parted saint ! Pure soul, farewell !

The scene closes.

Scene III.—A field of battle—alarums—thunder
and lightning.

Soldiers cross the stage fighting.

Enter Orsino.

Orsi. Oh ! shame, shame, shaine !—Sun, thou
dost well to hide thee,
Nor light Castile's disgrace.—Oh ! I could tear
My flesh for rage !

Enter Ricardo.

Ricar. All's lost !—the foe prevails !
What must be done, Orsino ?

Orsi. Where's the king ?

Ricar. He fights still.

Orsi. Seek him ! save him ! bid him fly,
Fly with all speed : thou know'st to find his courser.

Away !

Ricar. General, thou'rt wounded !

Orsi. 'Tis no matter.

Ricar. Thou'lt bleed to death.—

Orsi. And if I should, I care not :
The king, the king !—Oh ! waste no thought on
me :

The best of subjects can but lose one life,

But thousands perish when a good king bleeds.

Nay, speed !

Ricar. Looking out.] See ! see ! our troops—

Orsi. They fly, by heaven !

Turn, turn, ye cowards ! 'Tis Orsino calls !

Follow, slaves follow me, and die or conquer !

[Soldiers enter pursued by Henriquez, &c. Orsino rallies them, and drives Henriquez back.]

Scene IV.—Before the walls of Burgos—The storm continues.

Enter Cæsario.

Cæsa. Shall I ne'er find him ? Shall my mother's spirit
Still ask revenge in vain ? This flame, which burns

My blood up, shall it ne'er be quenched with his ?
'Tis he ! 'tis he !—I see the high plume waving
O'er his crowned helmet :—Thunders, cease, nor
rob me,

Of his expiring shriek !—Turn, turn, Alfonso !

[Exit.]

[Shouts of victory.]

Enter Henriquez, Melchior, Marcos, Gomez,
and soldiers.

Hen. We triumph, Melchior !—See our trusty
squadrons
Range the field unopposed. But where's our chief ?

Mar. How now ! what clamour.—

Mel. Look, Henriquez, look !

Cæsario and the king in single combat !

Hen. They come this way !—mark, with their
ponderous blows

How their shields ring !—Cæsario loses ground !
Yield thee, Alfonso !—Interposing between Alfonso
and Cæsario, who enter fighting.

Cæsa. Back, I say ! back, back !

No arm but mine—

Alfon. Cæsario, pause, and hear me !

Whate'er thou wilt—

Cæsa. Thy life !

Alfon. Medina's dukedom,
And Amelross.

Cæsa. Flames consume the tongue,
That names her ! Thou hast rent my wound a-
new,

Recalling what was mine, but is no longer !
Look to thy heart, for if my sword can reach it,
Thou diest !—Come on !—[They fight ; Alfonso
loses his sword, and is beaten on his knees.]

Cæsa. Thou'rt mine !—and thus—[At the moment that he motions to stab Alfonso, Orsino, without his helmet, deadly pale, and bleeding profusely, rushes in, and arrests his arm.]

Orsi. Hold, hold !

Cæsa. My father bleeding ! Horror !

Orsi. Does that pain thee ?

Oh by this blood, (a father's blood, the same
Which fills thy veins, and feeds thy life I charge
thee,

Shed not thy king's.

Cæsa. Father thy prayers are vain !

He broke my mother's heart ! his own must bleed
for't !

Release my arm.

Orsi. My son, I kiss thy feet :

Thy father kneels ; let him not kneel in vain.

Nay, if thou stirr'st, my deadliest curse.—

Cæsa. 'Twll grieve me,
But yet e'en that I'll brave :—Curse ; still I'll
strike !

No more !

Orsi. Can nought appense thee—

Cæsa. Nothing, nothing !

Alfon. Nay, cease, Orsino : 'tis in vain—

Cæsa. True, true !

This to thy heart.

Orsi. Oh ! yet arrest thy sword,

My son.—

Cæsa. He dies !

Orsi. One word, but one !

Cæsa. Despatch then.

Orsi. Swear, ere you strike the blow, if still
your power
Answers your will, as now it does, the king
Has not an hour to live!

Cæsa. An hour?—An age?
Thrones shall not buy that hour. By hell I swear,
Alfonso breathes his last, if fate allows me
To live one moment more.

Orsi. [Stabbing him.] Then die this moment.
Cæsa. My heart, my heart!—Oh! oh!
[Falls lifeless at Orsino's feet.]

Alfon. What hast thou done?
Orsi. Preserved Castile in thee.

Mel. Hew him to pieces!

Hen. Monster thy son!

Orsi. He was so; yet I slew him.
Think ye, I loved him not?—Oh! heaven, the
blood

My breast now pours, gives me not half such pain
As that which stains this poniard: yet I slew
him,

I, I his father!—And as I with him,
So, traitors, shall your father deal with ye,
Your father who frowns yonder.—*Thunder.*—
mark! he speaks!

The avenger speaks, and stretches from the clouds
His red right arm.—See, see! his javelins fly,
And fly to strike you dead!—While yet 'tis time,
Down, rebels, down!—Tremble, repent, and
tremble!

Fall at your sovereign's feet, and sue for grace.
The conspirators sink on their knees.

Alfon. Oh! soul of honour.—Oh! my full, full
heart!

Orsino, friend!—

Orsi. No more—Thy hand—Farewell.
Life ebbs apace—Oh, lay me by my son,
That I may bless him ere I die—Pale, pale:
No warmth:—No sense:—Not one convulsive

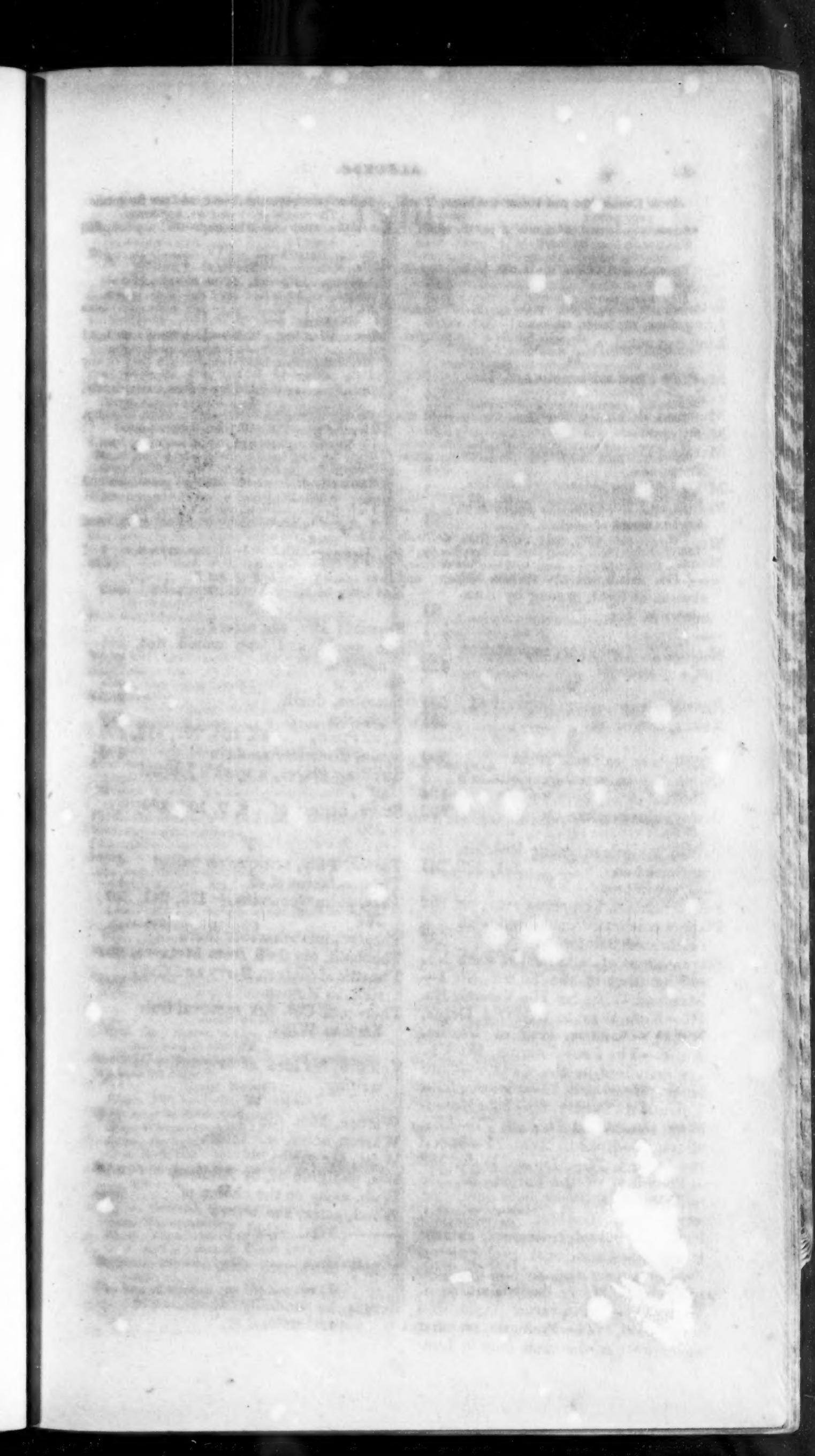
throb:
Not one last lingering breath on those wan lips!
All gone! all, all!—So fair, so young, to die
Was hard, most hard: canst thou forgive thy

father,
Canst thou, my boy? he loved thee dearly, dearly,
And would to save thy life have died himself,
Though he had rather see thee dead than guilty.
My sand runs fast.—Oh! I am sick at soul!
I'll breathe my last sigh on my son's cold lips,
Clasp his dead hand in mine, and lay my heart
Close to his gaping wound, that it may break
'Gainst his dear breast.—My eyes grow faint and
clouded.

I see thy face no more, my boy, but still
Feel thy blood trickle!—Oh! that pang, that
pang!

'Tis done—All's dark!—My son, my son, my son!
(Dies.)

End of Act V.





Le Khan.